

SCANNING
SUPERSCAN

BATMAN

IN THIS ISSUE:

*"Dick Grayson,
AUTHOR!"*

NO, NO, BATMAN!
YOUR **LEFT** FIST!
I'VE ALREADY
WRITTEN IT
THAT WAY!



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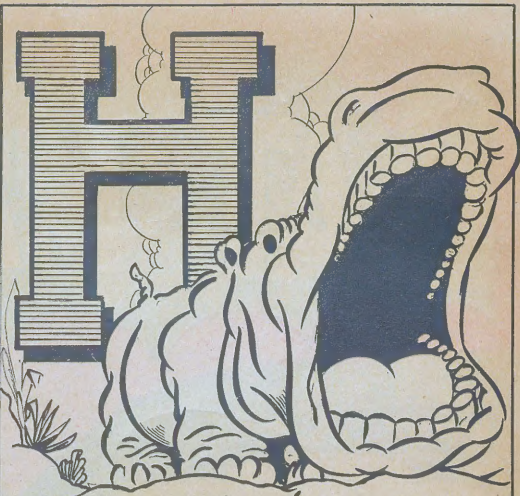
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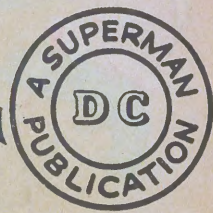
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WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



is for
HIPPOTAMUS,

AND WHEN HE FINISHES
HIS SWALLOW,
HE'LL TELL YOU BOOKS
THAT BEAR THIS SIGN
HAVE THE OTHERS!
BEAT ALL HOLLOW!



- ON THE COVER OF
**STAR-SPANGLED
COMICS**
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN **ANY**
COMIC
MAGAZINE!

BATMAN, No. 35. June-July, 1946. Published bi-monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. F. W. Ellsworth, Editor. Reentered as second class matter Aug. 1, 1941 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. Foreign, \$1.50 in American funds. For advertising rates address

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BATMAN

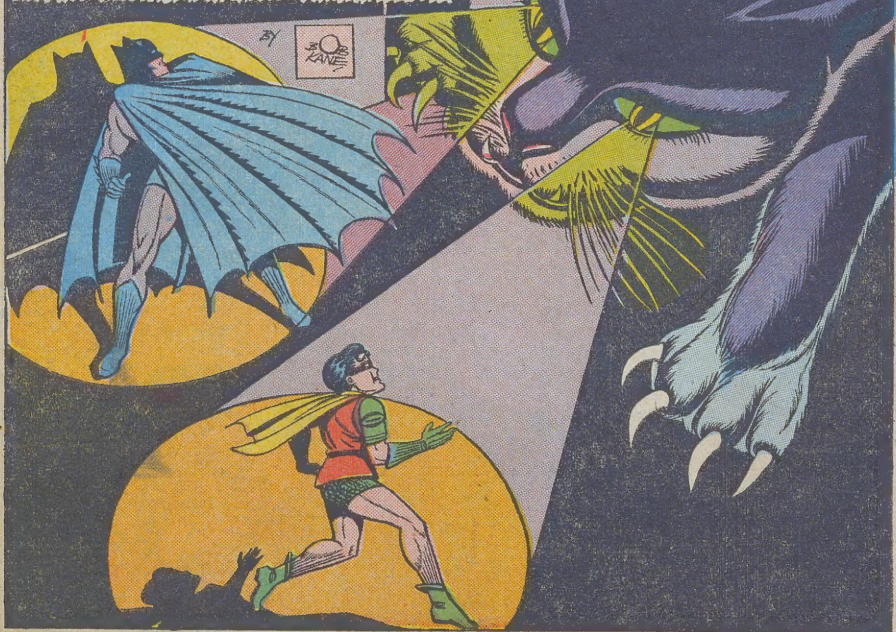
WITH

BIN

ONDER -

THERE'S AN OLD SAYING THAT NO MATTER HOW FAR A CAT DROPS, SHE ALWAYS LANDS ON HER FEET! CERTAINLY IT WOULD SEEM TRUE OF THAT TIGRESS-QUEEN—THE CATWOMAN! FOR HERE, IN THIS TALE, THE FEMALE SPITFIRE APPARENTLY BEARS A CHARMED LIFE AS SHE RETURNS FROM OBLIVION AND BARES HER CLAWS AT BATMAN AND ROBIN TO COMMIT CRIMES THAT ARE AS SMOOTH AND DARK AS BLACK VELVET. YES, EVEN THE BATMAN FINDS HIMSELF ADMITTING THAT—

"NINE LIVES HAS THE Catwoman!"





NEW INMATES ARRIVE AT THE STATE WOMAN'S PRISON, AMONG THEM ONE WHO IS CONSPICUOUS FOR HER EXOTIC BEAUTY, HER FELINE GRACE...



CAREFUL, DEARIE... DON'T TRIP OVER YOUR LONG CLAWS!

HEE! HEE!

YES, IT IS THAT NOTORIOUS BANDIT PRINCESS - THE CATWOMAN!

NOW THE LEFT HAND, PLEASE!

THAT'S RIGHT, YOUR HIGHNESS... IT AIN'T EVERY DAY THEY GET A PAW-PRINT!

HEE! HEE!



YOU WILL WEAR THESE CLOTHES NOW! ALL PERSONAL EFFECTS WILL BE KEPT FOR YOU UNTIL YOUR RELEASE!

PLEASE... I HAVE A FAVOR TO ASK...



MAY I KEEP THIS LOCKET? IT HAS MY MOTHER'S PICTURE. SHE DIED WHEN I WAS SO YOUNG... IT'S ALL I HAVE...

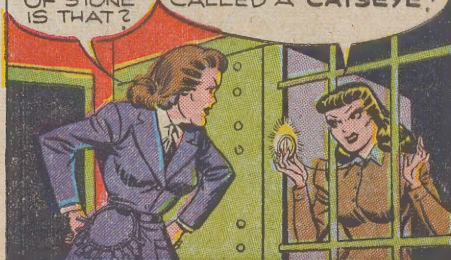
HM... WELL... ALL RIGHT!



THAT NIGHT, THE CATWOMAN ENGAGES THE PRISON MATRON IN CONVERSATION, SUBTLY DRAWING ATTENTION TO HER LOCKET...

WHAT KIND OF STONE IS THAT?

IT COMES FROM CEYLON! THE GEM IS CALLED A CATSEYE!



CLOSER, CLOSER, THE CATWOMAN BRINGS THE STRANGE CRYSTAL! HER VOICE BECOMES SOFT, DEEP-THROATED - A CAT'S PURR!

SEE... SEE THE OPALESCENT REFLECTIONS FROM WITHIN... SEE HOW IT SHINES LIKE A CAT'S EYE...





THERE IS NO RESISTING THE GEM'S UNEARTHLY BLAZE... **CATWOMAN'S** HYPNOTIC, PURRING VOICE...

LOOK AT THE CATSEYE... DON'T TAKE YOUR EYES OFF IT... NOW, TAKE YOUR KEYS AND OPEN MY CELL DOOR...

YES... THE KEYS... DOOR...

THIS, BY EMPLOYING THE GEM THAT IS HER NAMESAKE, THE **CATWOMAN** ESCAPES JAIL!



BUT **CATWOMAN'S** RETURN TO HER UNDERWORLD MOB IS NOT SO SUCCESSFUL ...

WELL, BOYS, NOW THAT I'M FREE, WE CAN PULL SOME BIG JOBS!

THE **BATMAN** ALWAYS STOPS YOU COLD!

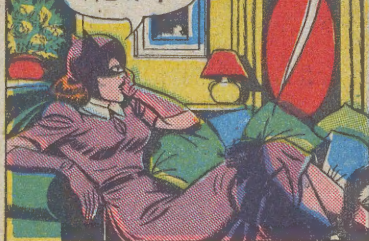
SORRY, **CATWOMAN**, BUT YOU'RE THROUGH!



LATER...

I NEED THE BOYS IF I EXPECT TO REBUILD MY CRIME EMPIRE. I'VE GOT TO REGAIN THEIR CONFIDENCE... BUT HOW?

PURR-RR-RR!
PURR-RR-RR!



OF COURSE! HEKATE, YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA! THE UNDERWORLD IS SUPERSTITIOUS—SO I WILL PROVE TO THEM THAT I CAN'T BE KILLED!

PURR-RR-RR!
PURR-RR-RR!



WITH THE HELP OF TWO STILL FAITHFUL GANGSTERS, **CATWOMAN** BUILDS HERSELF A NEW HIDEOUT—**THE CAT-ACOMBS.**

IT'S A PERFECT MAZE... A LABYRINTH OF PASSAGEWAYS... AND I ALONE KNOW THE ONLY EXIT!



THAT NIGHT—A MEETING WITH HER FORMER HENCHMEN...

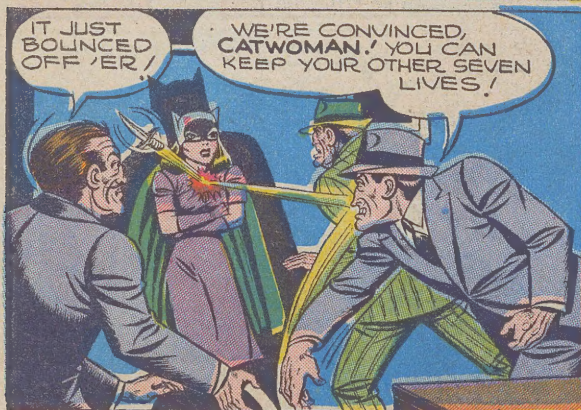
I'VE CALLED YOU HERE TO PROVE THAT I CAN'T BE KILLED— THAT I HAVE NINE LIVES LIKE THE LEGENDARY LIVES OF A CAT!

HA! HA!

ARE YOU KIDDIN'?

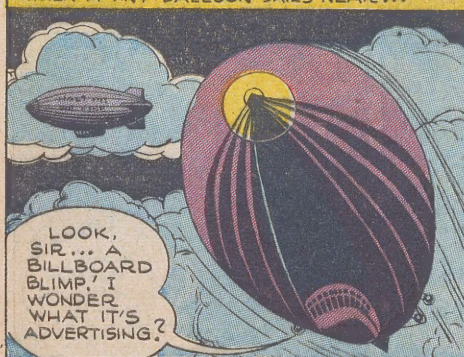
HUH?





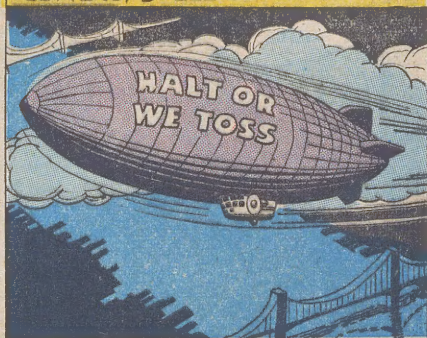


SOMEWHERE IN THE CLOUDY NIGHT-SKY OVER GOTHAM CITY, A DIRIGIBLE RIDES THE WIND... WHEN A TINY BALLOON SAILS NEAR...



LOOK, SIR... A BILLBOARD BLIMP, I WONDER WHAT IT'S ADVERTISING?

IT ADVERTISES— CRIME / FOR, THE FLASHING NEON SIGNS WHICH AUTOMATICALLY PRODUCE ANY COMBINATION OF LETTERS, SPELL OUT...

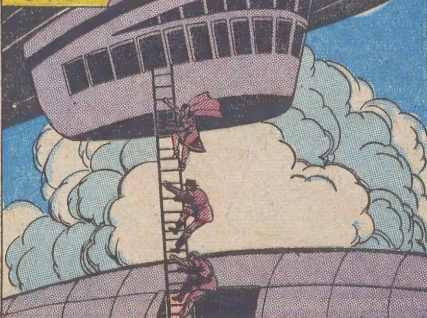


HJACKERS! SHALL WE FIGHT THEM OFF, SIR?

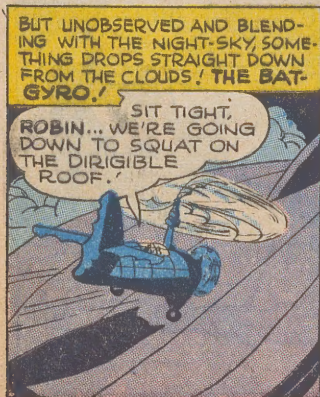


NO! THERMITE COULD SET THIS \$2,000,000 SHIP AFIRE EASILY. BETTER WE LOSE THE DIAMONDS THAN LIVES!

THE DIRIGIBLE LOWERS A LADDER AND SECONDS LATER THE PIRATE PRINCESS AND TWO HIRELINGS CLAMBER UP LIKE GIANT CATS.

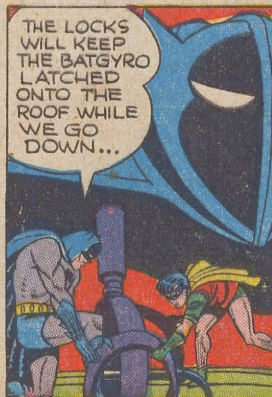


BUT UNOBSERVED AND BLENDING WITH THE NIGHT-SKY, SOMETHING DROPS STRAIGHT DOWN FROM THE CLOUDS: THE BAT-GYRO.

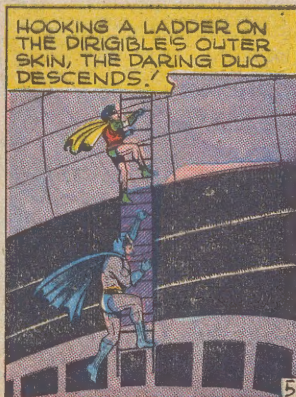


SIT TIGHT, ROBIN... WE'RE GOING DOWN TO SQUAT ON THE DIRIGIBLE ROOF.

THE LOCKS WILL KEEP THE BATGYRO LATCHED ONTO THE ROOF WHILE WE GO DOWN...



HOOKING A LADDER ON THE DIRIGIBLE'S OUTER SKIN, THE DARING DUO DESCENDS.





BATMAN



AND IN THE CARGO ROOM, THE CRIME-BUSTERS EXPLODE INTO ACTION!

HELLO, CATWOMAN!
HOW'S THE AIR UP
HERE?

BATMAN!

WE'VE BLOCKED
THE DOOR! SHE
CAN'T GET OUT!
OH-OH! WATCH
THESE TWO RATS
...I'M GOING
AFTER HER!

OKAY,
BUT WATCH
YOURSELF!
SHE'S
TRICKY!

PADDING SWIFTLY ALONG THE CATWALK, THE
CATWOMAN SEEKS ESCAPE FROM HER
RELENTLESS PURSUER!

LIKE A BOLT OF BLACK LIGHTNING
SHE STREAKS UP THROUGH AN
EMERGENCY HATCH SET IN THE
DRIGIBLE ROOF...

I'VE GOT TO
HAND IT TO
THAT FEMALE
SPITFIRE!
SHE'S FAST!

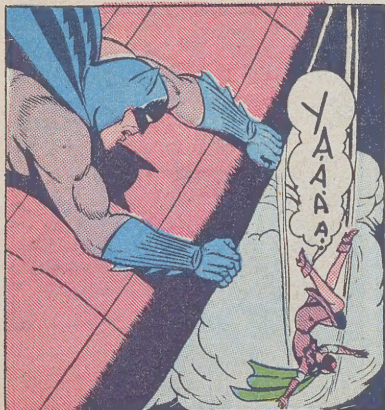
AND NOW, SKY-HIGH, BATMAN AND
CATWOMAN MEET AGAIN!

THEN IT HAPPENS!
A STRONG CROSS-
WIND HITS THE
DRIGIBLE
AND—

SORRY... BUT
YOU'RE NOT
SENDING ME TO
JAIL
AGAIN!

UHHH...

LOOK
OUT!



LATER... BATMAN IS STILL SHAKEN WITH THE HORROR OF CATWOMAN'S TRAGIC FALL...

BATMAN... UH... THE BANDITS IN THE BLIMP... WHEN THEY SAW THE CATWOMAN DROP, THEY CUT LOOSE AND ESCAPED.

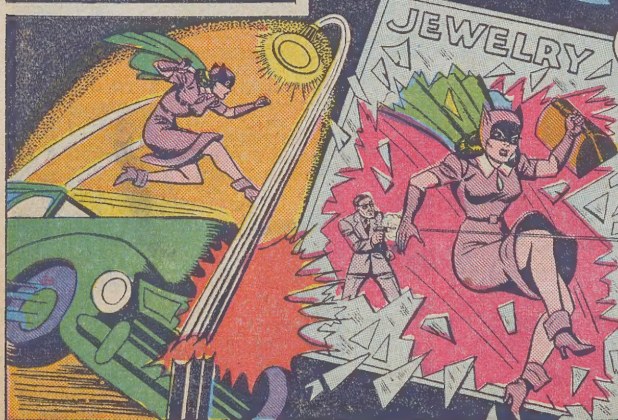
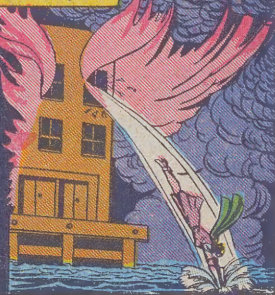
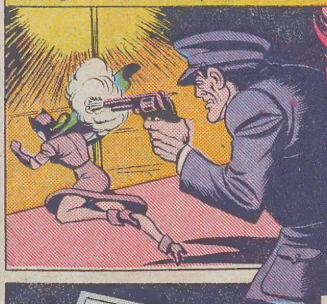
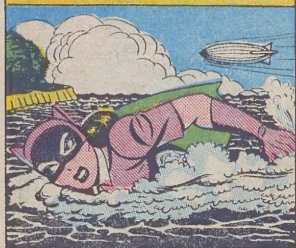
SHE'S DEAD, ROBIN. SHE WAS A CRIMINAL— BUT SOMEHOW... WELL, NOW SHE'S DEAD!

NOT HER! THE CATWOMAN CAN'T DIE! SHE'S GOT SIX LIVES LEFT!



BUT PROVIDENCE... (OR PERHAPS THE LEGENDARY NINE LIVES OF A CAT!) DOES SAVE CATWOMAN... FOR SHE HAS LANDED IN WATER AND EVEN NOW SWIMS TO SAFETY!

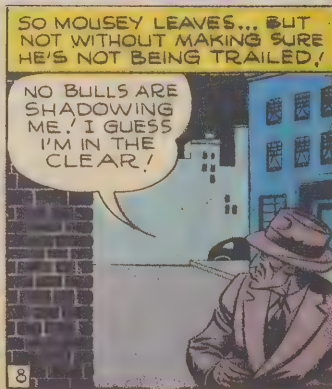
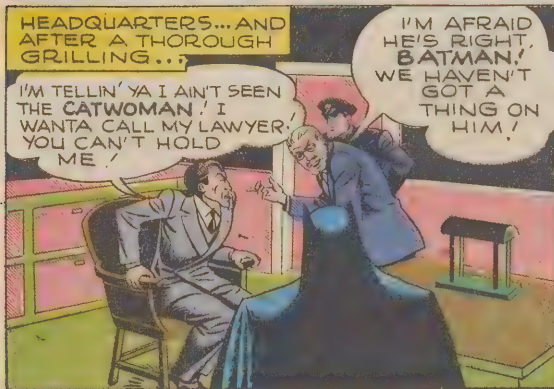
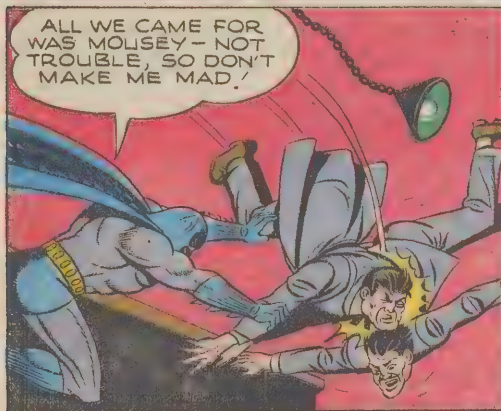
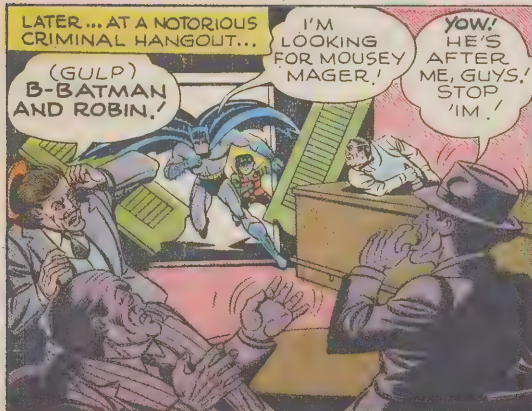
AND SO BEGINS A SERIES OF BANDIT ESCAPEADES WITH CATWOMAN MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPING DEATH EACH TIME. BUT IS SHE, IN REALITY, DRAWING UPON HER NINE LIVES, ONE AT A TIME ???



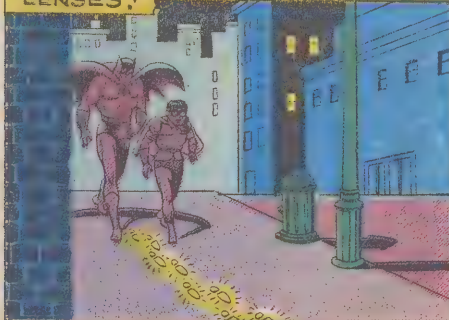
WELL, BRUCE, CATWOMAN IS STILL ALIVE— AND SCRATCHING!

IF ONLY I COULD LOCATE HER NEW HIDEOUT. WAIT... I'VE AN IDEA— BUT FIRST I'LL HAVE TO LET COMMISSIONER GORDON IN ON IT!



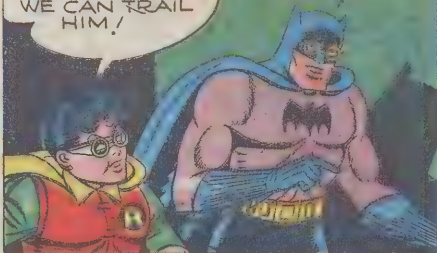


BUT, UNKNOWN TO MOUSEY, HIS VERY FOOT-
STEPS LEAVE AN INVISIBLE TRAIL BEHIND-
BECOMING VISIBLE AND GLOWING WHEN
VIEWED WITH INFRA-RED FILTER
LENSES!



PAINTING THE FLOOR
AROUND THAT CHAIR
WITH INFRA-RED
PAINT WAS A SLICK
IDEA! MOUSEY
GOT THE STUFF
ALL OVER HIS
SHOES! NOW
WE CAN TRAIL
HIM!

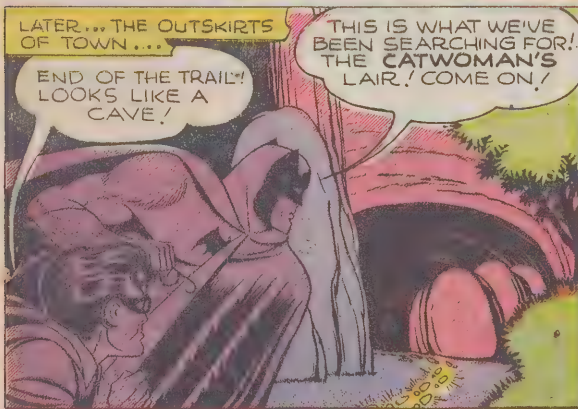
THAT'S USING
ONE OF THE
CATWOMAN'S
OWN MEN AS
A DUPE-AS A
CAT'S PAW!



LATER... THE OUTSKIRTS
OF TOWN...

END OF THE TRAIL!
LOOKS LIKE A
CAVE!

THIS IS WHAT WE'VE
BEEN SEARCHING FOR!
THE **CATWOMAN'S**
LAIR! COME ON!



BUT EVEN AS THEY ENTER,
AN IRON DOOR CLANGS
DOWN BEHIND THEM!
SEEMING TO COME FROM
NOWHERE, YET FROM
EVERYWHERE, PURRING
CONTENTEDLY...

GOOD EVENING, **BATMAN!**
HOW YOU TRAILED MY
MAN I DON'T KNOW,
BUT YOU ARE IN HERE-
AND YOU'LL STAY
HERE!

CLANG!



THERE'S ONLY ONE
EXIT AND I KNOW IT!
I DEFY YOU TO FIND YOUR
WAY OUT! THE MAZE OF
PASSAGEWAYS WILL CON-
FUSE YOU! YOUR BURIAL
GROUND WILL BE FITTING-
THE **CAT-ACOMBS!**

THE
CATWOMAN'S
CATACOMBS!
HOLY
CATS!

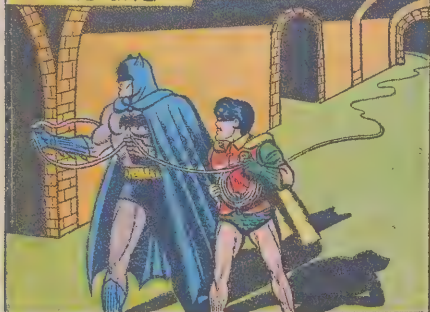
LET'S GET
OUT OF
HERE! YOU
CAN WRITE
YOUR THESIS
ON THE "**CAT**"
CATCH PHRASES
LATER!

"**THESIS**"? THAT'S IT!
THESEUS, THE MYTH-
ICAL GREEK HERO!
REMEMBER? WHEN
HE WENT INTO THE
LABYRINTH TO SLAY
THE MINOTAUR, HE USED
A SKEIN OF SILK THREAD
TO FIND HIS WAY
OUT!

AND WE'VE
GOT OUR
SILKEN ROPES!



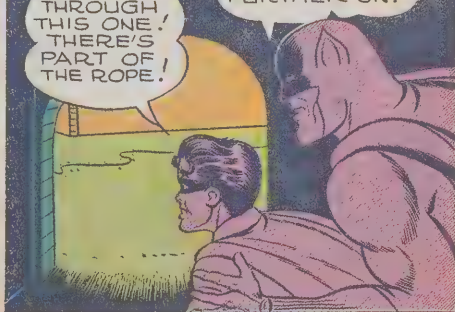
AFTER TYING THEIR ROPES TOGETHER AND FASTENING ONE END IN THE STARTING CORRIDOR, THE DUO PLAYS OUT THE CORD BEHIND THEM AS THEY BEGIN EXPLORING...



CAREFULLY, THEY SIZE UP EACH CORRIDOR, ALWAYS AVOIDING THOSE THE TRAILING ROPE IS IN...

NOT THROUGH THIS ONE! THERE'S PART OF THE ROPE!

WE'LL TRY FURTHER ON!



MINUTES CRAWL BY WITH TORTUROUS, FUNERAL PACE! FINALLY...

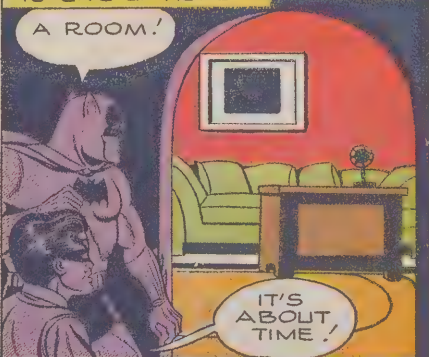
WHAT'S THE IDEA?

WE'VE REACHED THE END OF OUR ROPE... AND I MEAN JUST THAT! START TEARING YOUR CAPE INTO LONG, THIN STRIPS!



AT LAST, JUST AS THEY ARE READY TO GIVE UP HOPE...

A ROOM!



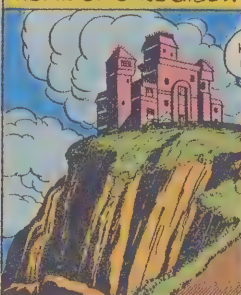
IT'S ABOUT TIME!

A MICROPHONE! PROBABLY HAD OUTLETS IN THE CORRIDORS! NO WONDER HER VOICE CAME FROM ALL OVER!

ROBIN, WE'VE GOT TO HURRY! ACCORDING TO THESE PLANS, CATWOMAN HAS GONE TO RAID THE MILLIONAIRE WEAPON COLLECTOR, CARL GIBBS.



AN EAGLE'S NEST PERCHED ON A HIGH PRECIPICE OVERLOOKING A WATERFALL - THE HOME OF CARL GIBBS!



AND DARTING THROUGH THE BLACK NIGHT, HER LITHE BODY POISED, HER EYES GLEAMING IN THE DARK - THE CATWOMAN!

LIKES TO KEEP HIS HOUSE NEAT, DON'T HE?

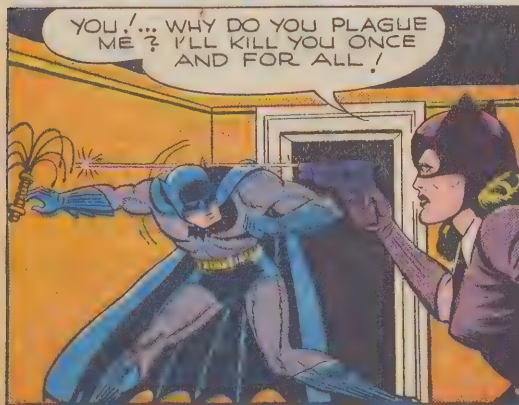
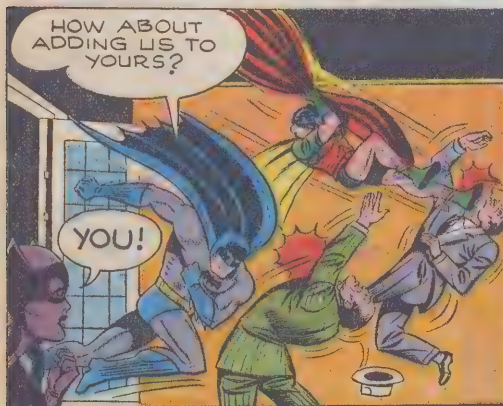
WE'LL MAKE HIS HOUSE SO NEAT, IT'LL BE EMPTY! C'MON!



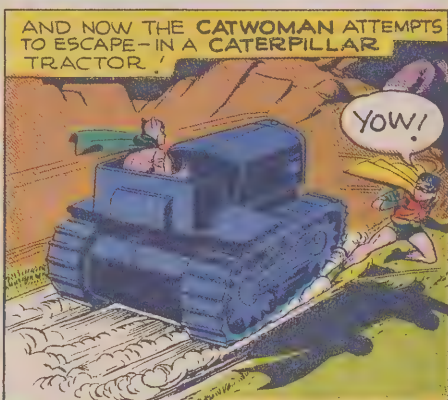
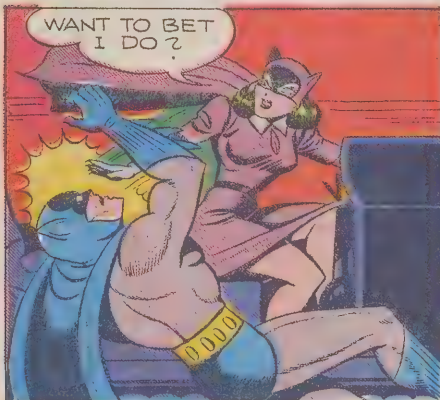
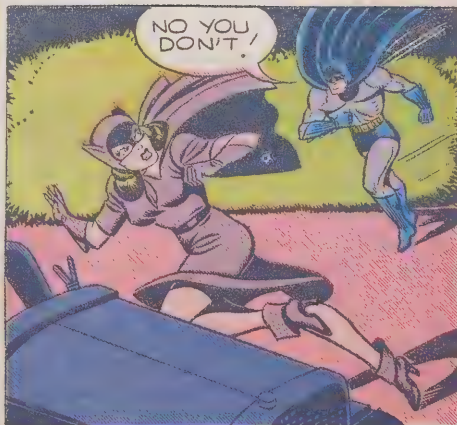
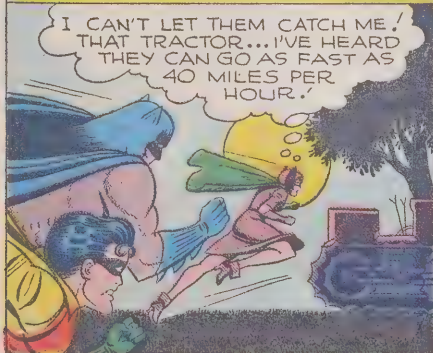
INSIDE IS MILLIONAIRE GIBBS' PRICELESS COLLECTION OF WEAPONS FROM THE CORNERS OF THE WORLD, FROM EVERY CENTURY...



THEN INTO THIS ROOM DRIFTS THE SUAVE, MENACING PURR OF THE TIGRESS QUEEN!



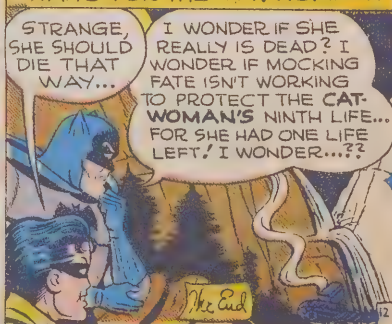
SUDDENLY THE CATWOMAN WHIRLS LIGHTLY AND WITH LONG, AGILE BOUNDS CATAPULTS INTO THE NIGHT!



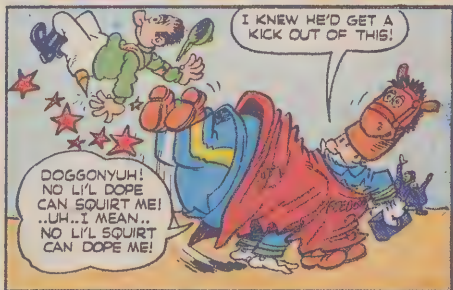
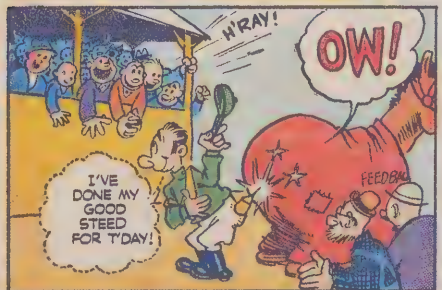
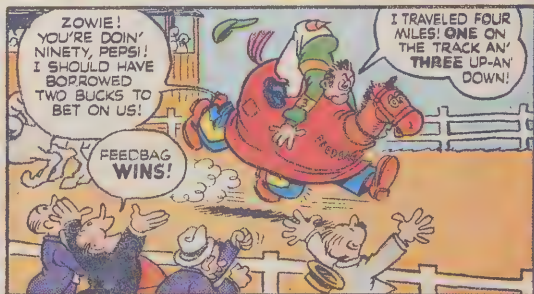
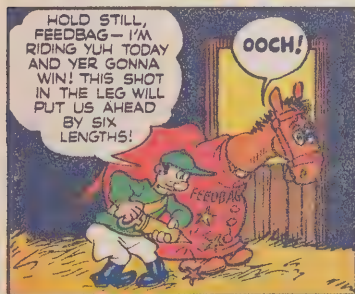
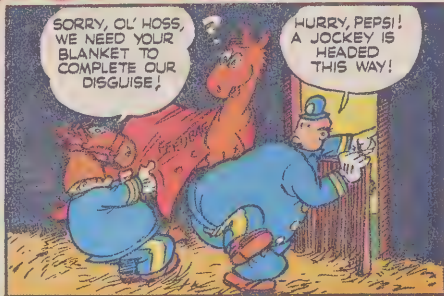
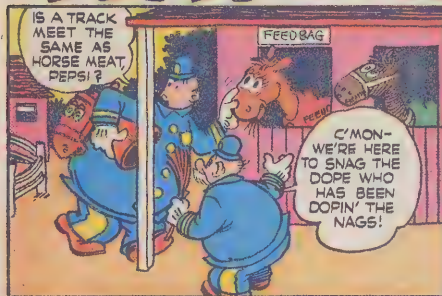
BUT EVEN THE CATWOMAN'S QUICK EYES DO NOT SPY THE HALF-BURIED BOULDER IN HER PATH! THE TRACTOR IS SUDDENLY KICKED OFF BALANCE AND— CATASTROPHE!



AND SO VERY FAR DOWN BELOW THE THUNDERING CATARACT WAITS FOR THE CATWOMAN!



"PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP



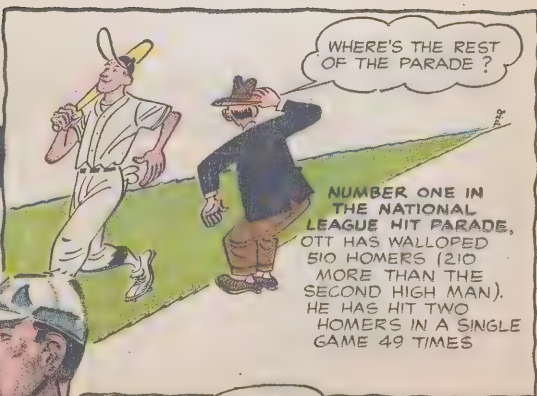
Copyright 1946 Pepsi Cola Company



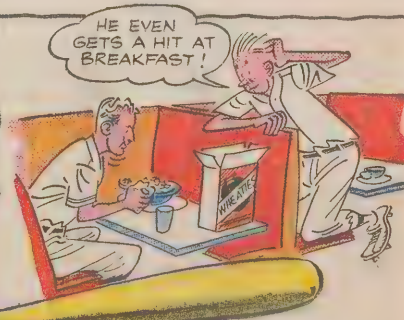
OTT HOLDS SIX MAJOR NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIPS. EVERY TIME HE HITS A HOMER, SCORES OR DRIVES IN A RUN, DRAWS A WALK, OR HITS FOR AN EXTRA BASE -- HE SENDS A LEAGUE RECORD ZOOMING

Mel
OTT

CHAMPION RECORD BREAKER OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE IS THE OUT-FIELDER-MANAGER OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS



NUMBER ONE IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE HIT PARADE, OTT HAS WALLOPED 510 HOMERS (210 MORE THAN THE SECOND HIGH MAN). HE HAS HIT TWO HOMERS IN A SINGLE GAME 49 TIMES



"THE DISH I TAKE FOR STARTING MY BREAKFAST IS THAT GOOD OLD FAVORITE, WHEATIES--'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS,'" SAYS CHAMPION MEL OTT. "WHEATIES WITH PLENTY OF MILK AND FRUIT REALLY HIT THE SPOT." A SWELL TRAINING DISH TOO! GOOD WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES--WHEATIES. LOADED WITH THE KIND OF CHAMPION NOURISHMENT YOU CAN USE PLENTY OF

YOU CAN LEARN ABOUT THE BATTING FORM OF BIG LEAGUE HITTERS (LIKE MEL OTT) IN "WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION?"--ONE OF 14 BOOKS IN WHEATIES FAMOUS LIBRARY OF SPORTS. SEE BACK OF YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET YOUR BOOKS





BATMAN



BATMAN

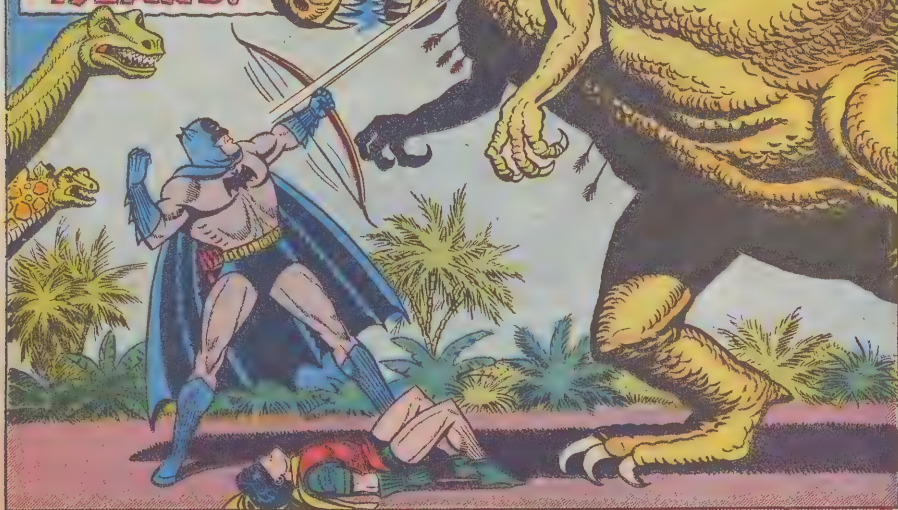
WITH
ROBIN

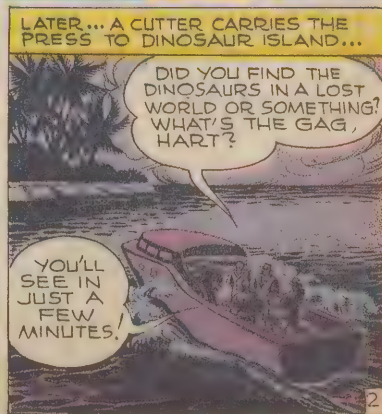
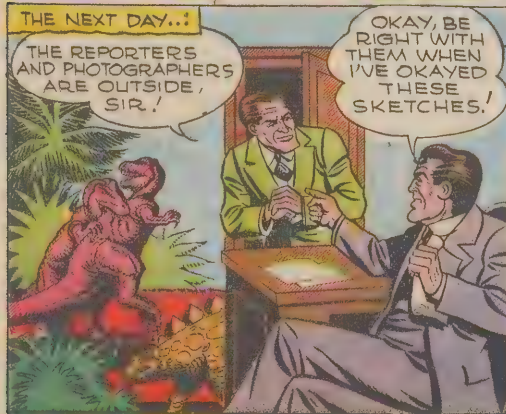
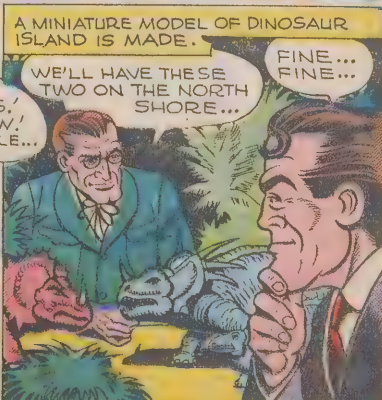
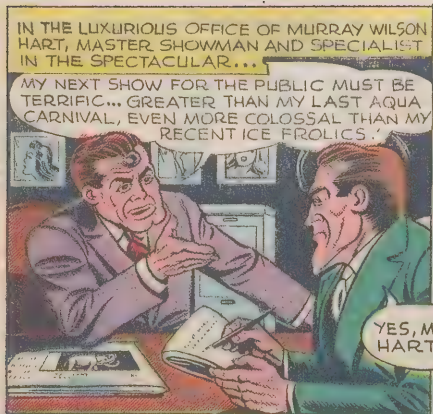
THE BOY WONDER

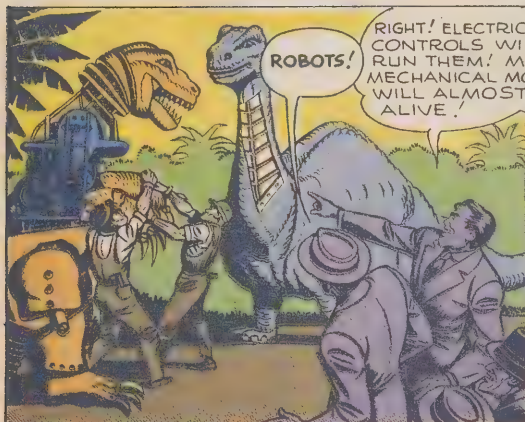
AN ETERNITY OF TIME AGO, LONG, LONG BEFORE THERE WERE PLANES, SKY-SCRAPERS AND RADIOS, A HORDE OF GIANT MAMMALS AND REPTILES RULED THE EARTH. THESE PREHISTORIC CREATURES WERE THE WORLD'S FIRST OUTLAWS, DEFEYING PUNY CAVE-MAN BY DAY AND NIGHT.

WHEN FATE CONTRIVES TO PIT THE BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER AGAINST THIS MAMMOTH LEGION FROM THE MIST OF TIME - WITH NOTHING TO AID THE DYNAMIC DUO BUT THEIR RAZOR WITS AND BARE HANDS - ONLY THE FITTEST CAN SURVIVE. THIS THEN IS THE PERILOUS ISSUE INVOLVED IN -

'DINOSAUR ISLAND!'

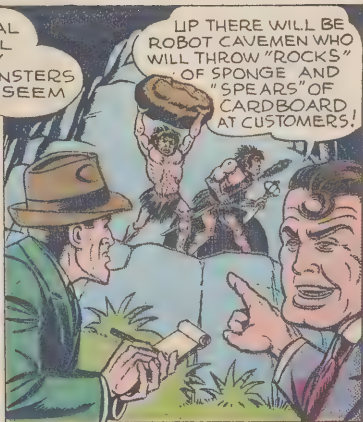




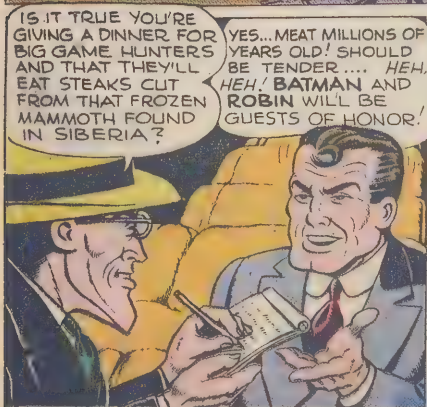


ROBOTS!

RIGHT! ELECTRICAL CONTROLS WILL RUN THEM! MY MECHANICAL MONSTERS WILL ALMOST SEEM ALIVE!

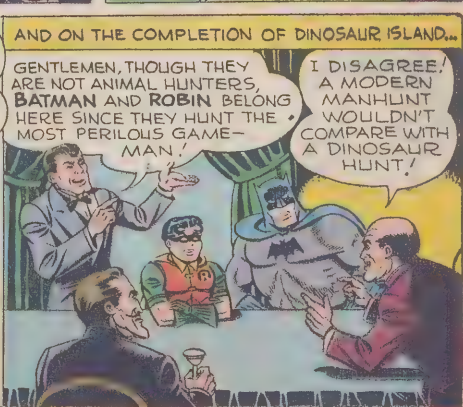


UP THERE WILL BE ROBOT CAVEMEN WHO WILL THROW "ROCKS" OF SPONGE AND "SPEARS" OF CARDBOARD AT CUSTOMERS!



IS IT TRUE YOU'RE GIVING A DINNER FOR BIG GAME HUNTERS AND THAT THEY'LL EAT STEAKS CUT FROM THAT FROZEN MAMMOTH FOUND IN SIBERIA?

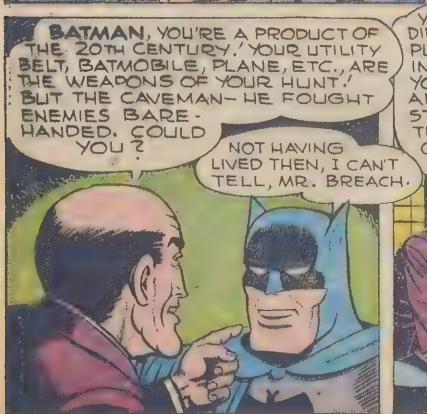
YES... MEAT MILLIONS OF YEARS OLD! SHOULD BE TENDER.... HEH, HEH! BATMAN AND ROBIN WILL BE GUESTS OF HONOR!



AND ON THE COMPLETION OF DINOSAUR ISLAND...

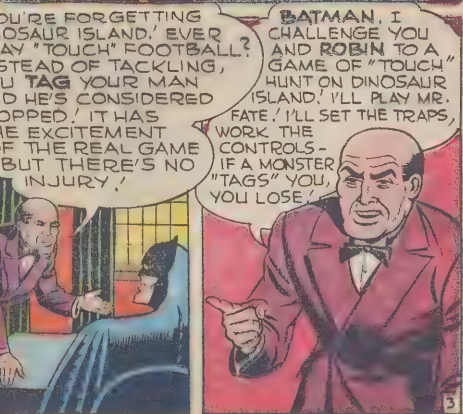
GENTLEMEN, THOUGH THEY ARE NOT ANIMAL HUNTERS, BATMAN AND ROBIN BELONG HERE SINCE THEY HUNT THE MOST PERILOUS GAME—MAN!

I DISAGREE! A MODERN MANHUNT WOULDN'T COMPARE WITH A DINOSAUR HUNT!



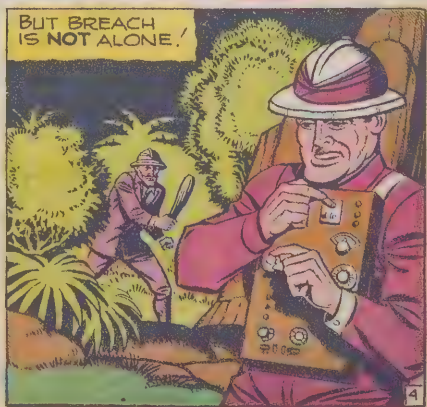
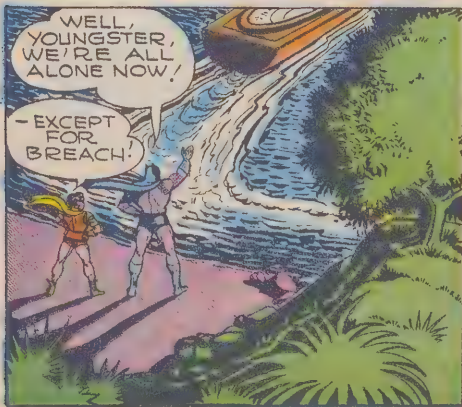
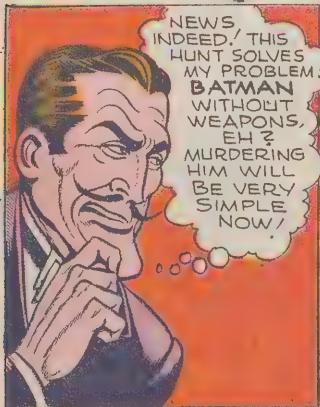
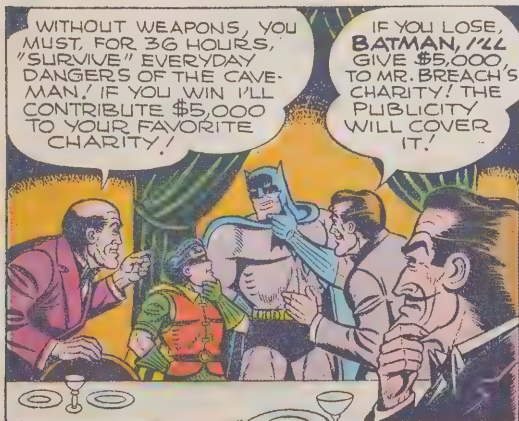
BATMAN, YOU'RE A PRODUCT OF THE 20TH CENTURY. YOUR UTILITY BELT, BATMOBILE, PLANE, ETC., ARE THE WEAPONS OF YOUR HUNT. BUT THE CAVEMAN—HE FOUGHT ENEMIES BARE-HANDED. COULD YOU?

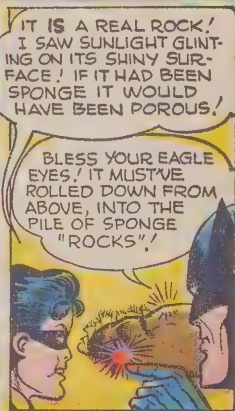
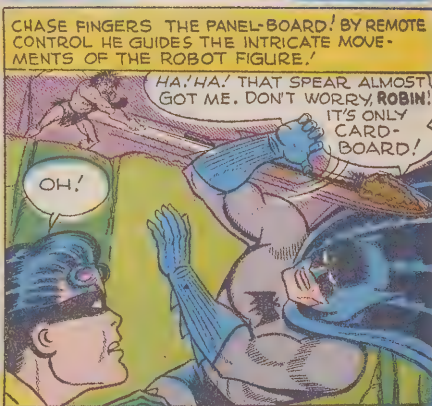
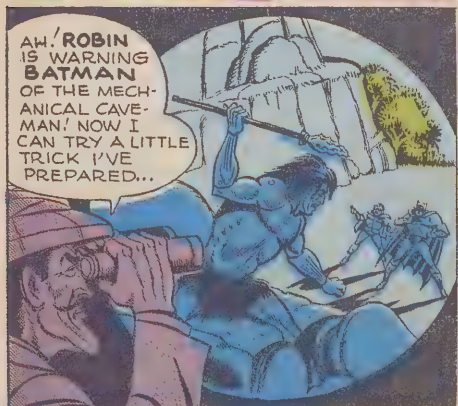
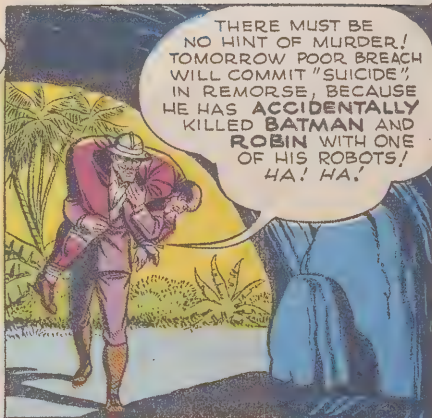
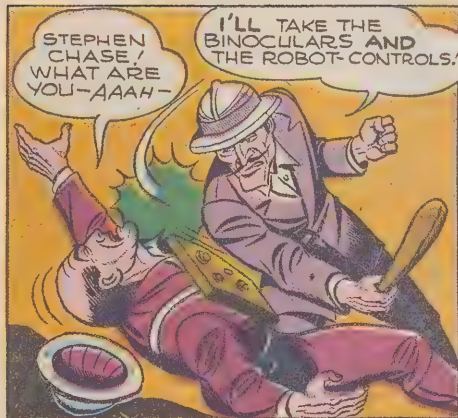
NOT HAVING LIVED THEN, I CAN'T TELL, MR. BREACH.

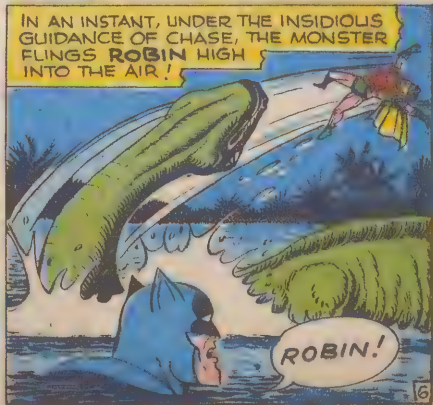
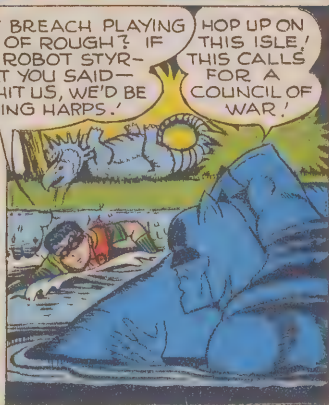
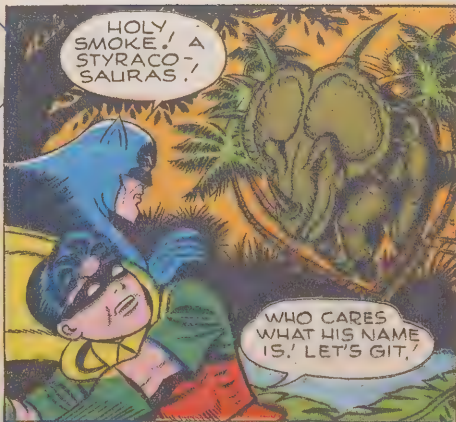


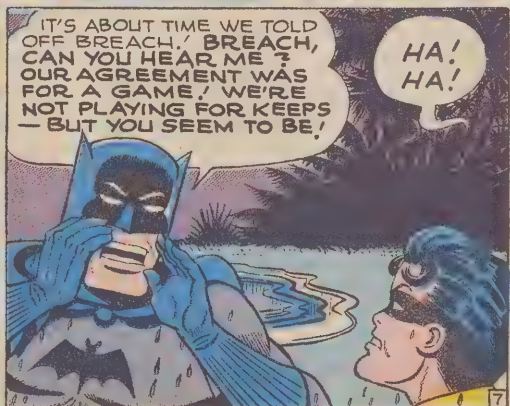
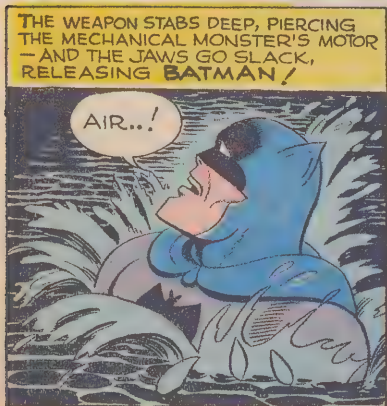
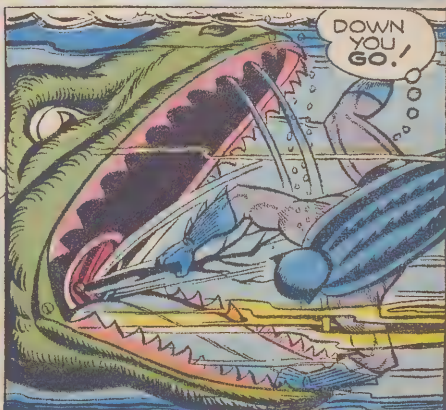
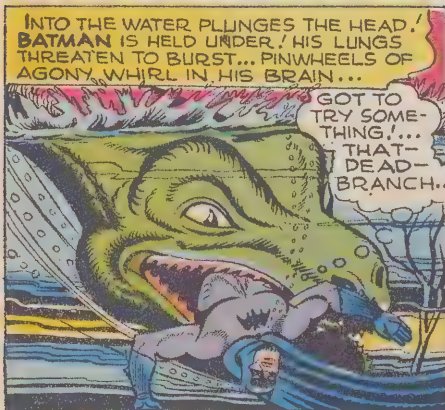
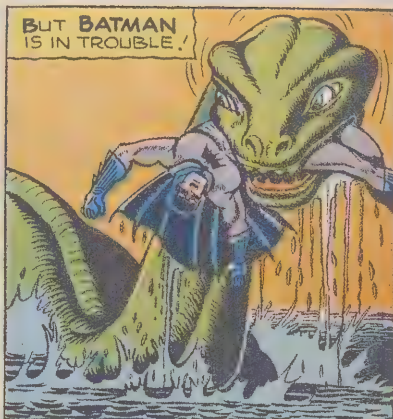
YOU'RE FORGETTING DINOSAUR ISLAND. EVER PLAY "TOUCH" FOOTBALL? INSTEAD OF TACKLING, YOU TAG YOUR MAN AND HE'S CONSIDERED STOPPED. IT HAS THE EXCITEMENT OF THE REAL GAME BUT THERE'S NO INJURY!

BATMAN, I CHALLENGE YOU AND ROBIN TO A GAME OF "TOUCH" HUNT ON DINOSAUR ISLAND! I'LL PLAY MR. FATE. I'LL SET THE TRAPS, WORK THE CONTROLS—IF A MONSTER "TAGS" YOU, YOU LOSE!

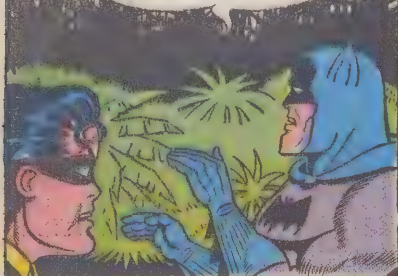




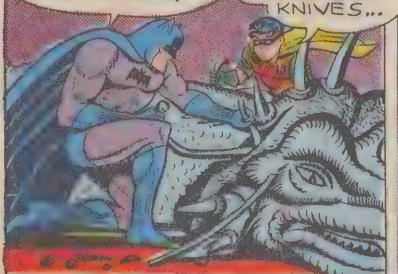




THE NAME IS CHASE! WE MET AT THE DINNER, REMEMBER? I'M GOING TO MURDER YOU, BATMAN, AND MAKE YOUR DEATH LOOK ACCIDENTAL - SO THAT THE UNDERWORLD WILL BE RID OF YOU. TALLY HO, BATMAN!



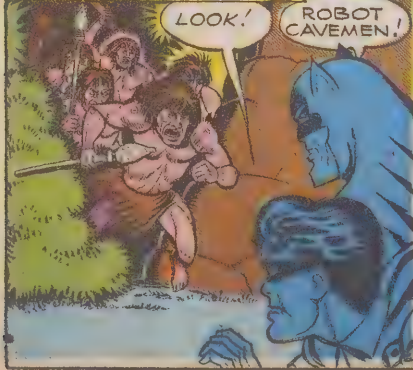
THE ANCIENT CAVEMAN MADE WEAPONS OF ANIMAL SKELETON BONES! WE CAN BORROW A TRICK FROM THEM!



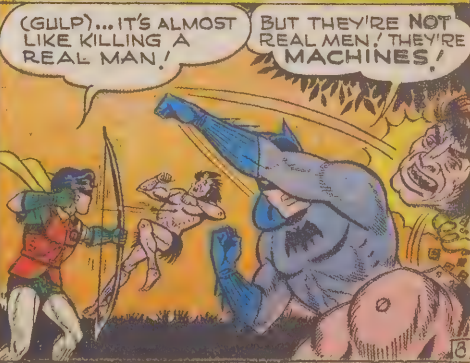
UH-HUH! THESE IRON AND STEEL "BONES" WILL MAKE ARROW HEADS AND KNIVES...

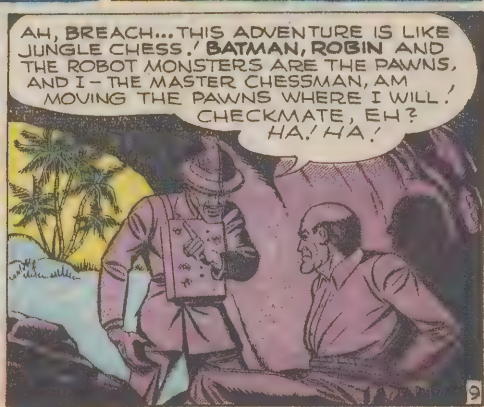
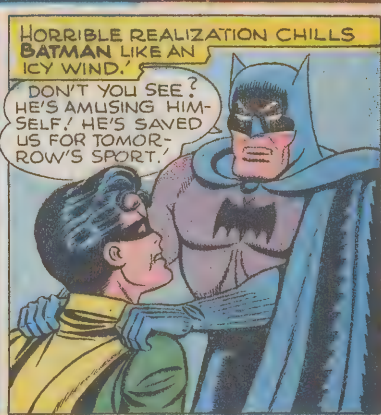
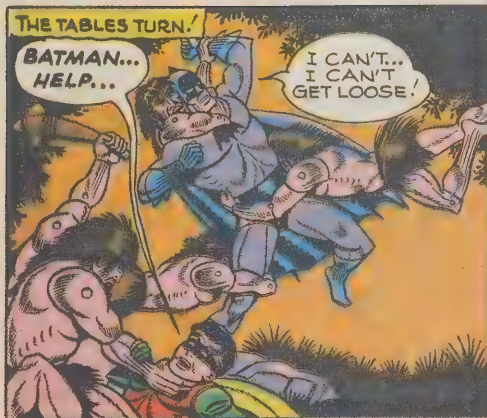


ONCE AGAIN THE CRIMINAL'S FINGERS SNAKE OVER THE CONTROL PANEL -



ROBOT PRIMITIVE AGAINST MODERN MAN! THE MOST BIZARRE BATTLE EVER FOUGHT!





JUNGLE NIGHT! CHASE SLEEPS—BUT BATMAN AND ROBIN, LIKE SUDDENLY CAGED WILDLIFE, ARE APPREHENSIVE, RESTLESS...

WISH I COULD SLEEP!... FUNNY, I THOUGHT I'D BE SCARED, BUT I'M NOT!... GUESS WE'RE IN OVER OUR HEADS THIS TIME!...
BATMAN'S WORRIED... EVEN THOUGH HE DOESN'T ACT IT.

ROBIN'S TAKING THIS OKAY!... HE'S A GREAT KID!... I WON'T LET HIM DOWN! I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING... I'VE GOT TO.

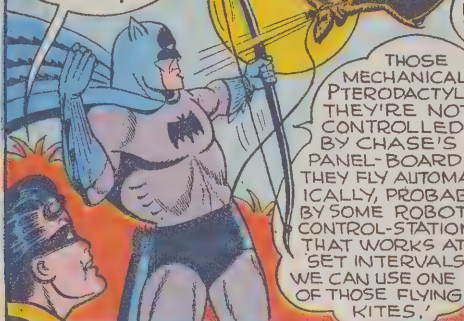


IF ONLY WE HAD YOUR UTILITY BELT! OR THE BATPLANE...

MAYBE WE HAVE!



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE ARROW-LINE?

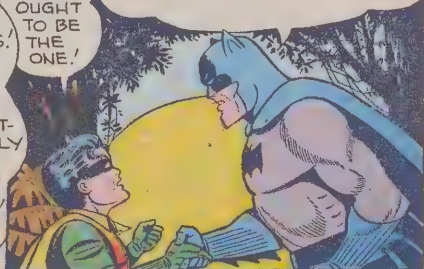


THOSE MECHANICAL PTERODACTYLS! THEY'RE NOT CONTROLLED BY CHASE'S PANEL-BOARD! THEY FLY AUTOMATICALLY, PROBABLY BY SOME ROBOT CONTROL-STATION THAT WORKS AT SET INTERVALS! WE CAN USE ONE OF THOSE FLYING KITES!

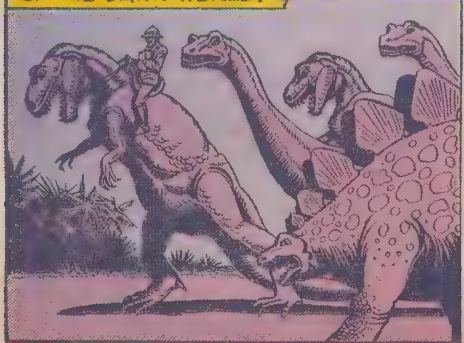
ALL NIGHT LONG, THE TWO LABOR, WORKING AGAINST TIME! AND THEN—THE DAWN!

IT'S ALL FINISHED! BATMAN... MAYBE I OUGHT TO BE THE ONE!

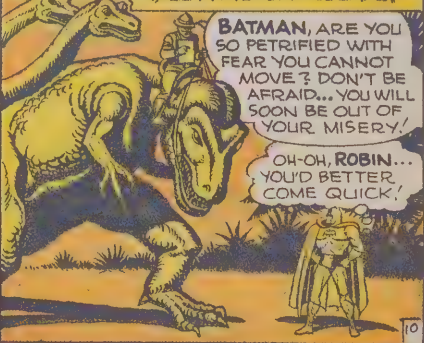
NO, ROBIN, I'LL HAVE TO BE THE BAIT THAT'LL LURE CHASE TO THE SPOT WE CHOSE! I'LL HAVE TO WORK—OR ELSE...



ALONE NOW, BATMAN WAITS! SOON, LUMBERING THROUGH THE FOREST—A PROCESSION OF THE DAWN WORLD!

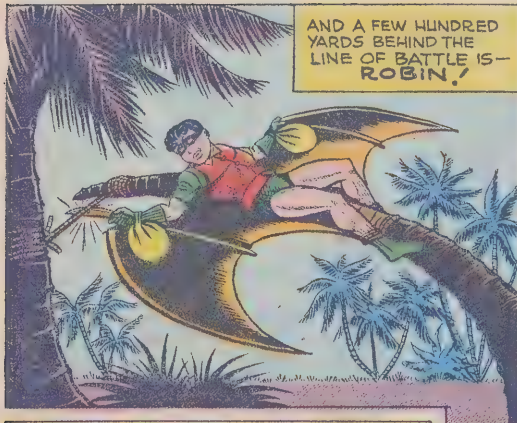


CURIOUSLY, BATMAN STANDS ROOTED TO THE SPOT. THE PREHISTORIC ARMY CLOSES IN, CUTTING OFF ESCAPE!

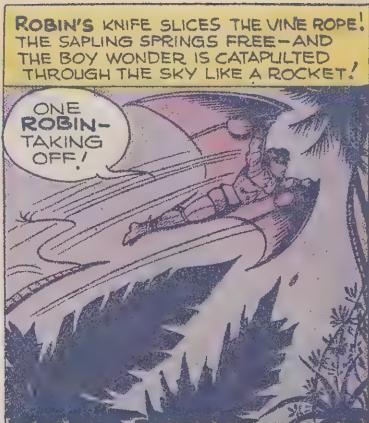


BATMAN, ARE YOU SO PETRIFIED WITH FEAR YOU CANNOT MOVE? DON'T BE AFRAID... YOU WILL SOON BE OUT OF YOUR MISERY!

OH-OH, ROBIN... YOU'D BETTER COME QUICK!



AND A FEW HUNDRED YARDS BEHIND THE LINE OF BATTLE IS—
ROBIN!



ONE
ROBIN-
TAKING
OFF!



A HUMAN GLIDER, HE PICKS UP THE STRONG WIND, SOARING ON, TILL AT LAST...

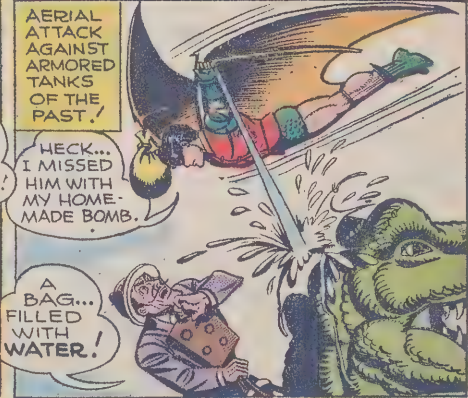
WHAT...?
THE
BAT-
PLANE!

NO...
BUT IT'S
A REASON-
ABLE
FACSIMILE!

AERIAL
ATTACK
AGAINST
ARMORED
TANKS OF
THE PAST!

HECK...
I MISSED
HIM WITH
MY HOME-
MADE BOMB.

A
BAG...
FILLED
WITH
WATER!



FRANTICALLY, CHASE MASSES HIS ARMY! A LONG-NECKED DIPLODOCUS HEAD SHOTS UP LIKE A BARRAGE BALLOON—JUST TOO LATE!



ONCE AGAIN THE HUMAN GLIDER RETURNS FOR A BOMBER ATTACK ON THIS PREHISTORIC PANZER DIVISION!

BINGO!
A DIRECT
HIT!

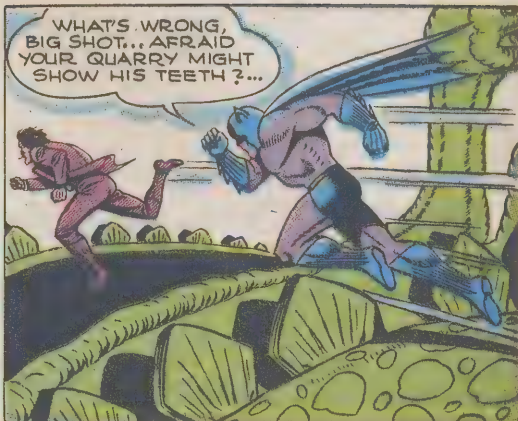


BATMAN



WATER BURSTS OVER THE CONTROL BOARD, SHORT-CIRCUITING THE ELECTRIC WIRES—AND THE ROBOT-MONSTERS LITERALLY DIE!

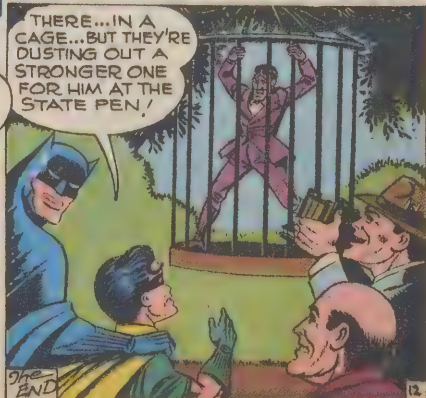
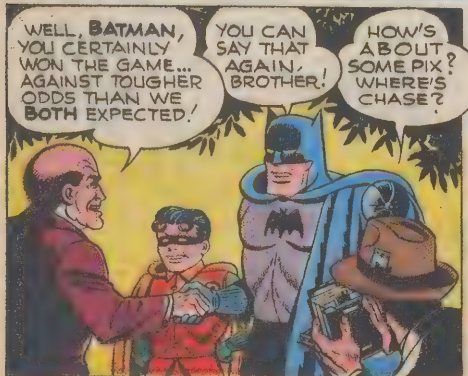
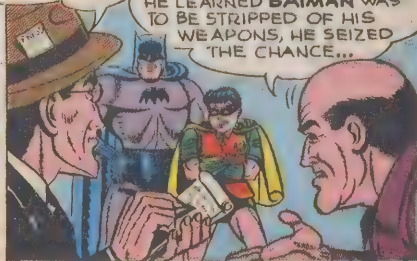
CAUGHT IN YOUR OWN TRAP, MR. HUNTER?



LATER... WHEN THE REPORTERS RETURN AFTER THE 36 HOURS, A SURPRISE AWAITS THEM...

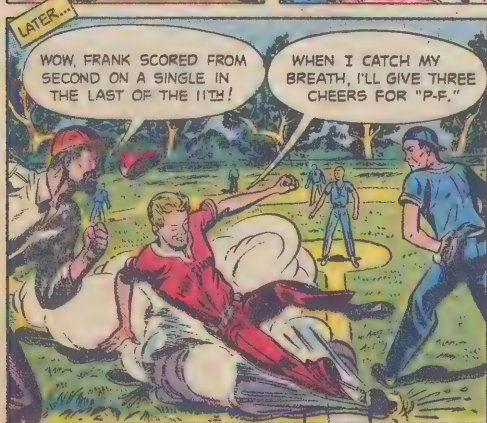
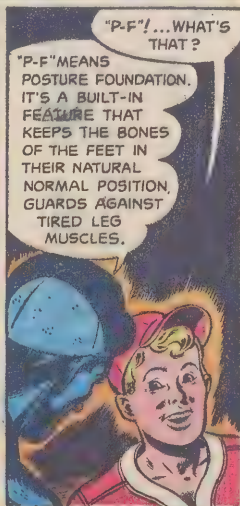
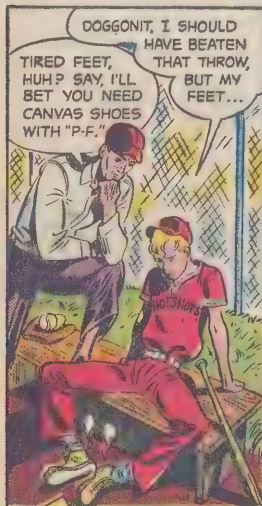
WHY'D DID CHASE WANT TO KILL BATMAN?

HE WANTED TO START A CRIME COMBINE IN GOTHAM CITY! HE KNEW HE'D HAVE TO KILL BATMAN FIRST! WHEN HE LEARNED BATMAN WAS TO BE STRIPPED OF HIS WEAPONS, HE SEIZED THE CHANCE...



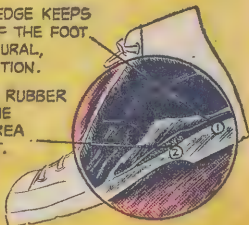
THE END

5-INNING FLASH FINDS HIMSELF



HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.



P-F

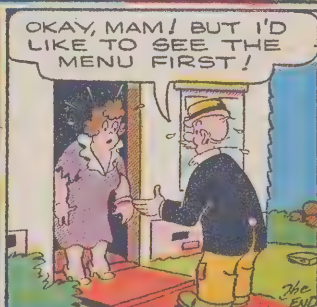
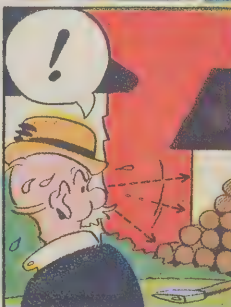
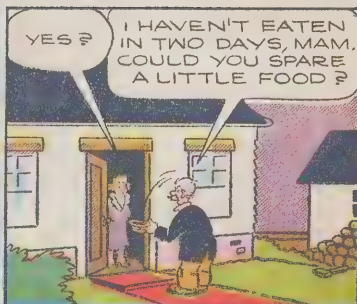
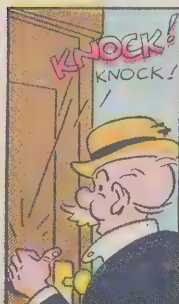
MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION—A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES MADE BY B. F. GOODRICH OR HOOD RUBBER COMPANY



SCUFFY!

THE TRAMP

LIT WIN



Advertisement

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

DUBBLE BUBBLE IS THE BERRIES!

LETTE GO OUT AND GET SOME. IT'S THE BEST-TASTING CHEWIEST GUM!

DUBBLE BUBBLE BEETS ALL FOR SIZE... AND IT ONLY COSTS A CENT!

I'VE BEAN SAYING THAT ALL THE TIME!

SCENT IS RIGHT. YOU SURE KNOW YOUR ONIONS!

AND I KNOW THAT DUBBLE BUBBLE COMES WRAPPED IN A SHEET OF FUNNIES!

YESSIR, IT'S DOGGONE GOOD GUM!

AND FLEER'S CANDY COATED GUM IS THE CAT'S WHISKERS, TOO!

NOT MUCH AROUND YET, BUT MIGHTY GOOD!

STORM INCIDENT

by Stan Carter

EDGAR JENKINS worked for Widow Watson a year before he discovered where she kept her money hidden. Quite by accident he had seen her remove it from the hiding place in her bedroom. She hadn't seen him, nor had she known that he, in his other job as handyman was checking the shingles on the roof. That's how he happened to be on the ladder that afternoon. And how he happened to peer into the Widow Watson's bedroom window.

The widow was bending down at a baseboard close to her bed. To Jenkins' surprise, a panel slid open. Mrs. Watson pulled out a chest, similar to that in which jewels are kept. But there was more than jewels in the box. Money, packets of it. Enough, Jenkins thought, to let a man live in luxury the rest of his life. His eyes glowed evilly as he watched his aged employer remove some bills. "Probably my measly salary," Jenkins thought bitterly, "and her saying she isn't too well off!" Now, to Jenkins, another mystery was explained. How Mrs. Watson had paid him every month without ever going to a bank.

He recalled, as he watched the woman carefully replace the box, how she had agreed to employ him when no one else in town would. Jenkins had just finished a term for petty larceny. Yesterday, he had visited the parole board for the last time, his year of probation was up.

Yes, he thought of those things. But his craze for money was upon him again, so they left him cold. Craftily, he studied the location of the secret button on the baseboard. "I'd be able to find that in the dark," he told himself. He grinned. "Maybe I'll have to."

It was a week before he had a chance to strike. He lived on the other side of town, across the drawbridge. It was only a small shanty, but Jenkins, handy with tools, had converted it into a comfortable place in which

to live. He had also managed to get himself a second-hand car. He was glad now that there had been no room in Mrs. Mason's cottage for him. She lived there with a housekeeper, Ellen Manion, aged also and almost stone deaf.

It would be ridiculously easy to get that money. Jenkins told himself. The only thing to watch out for was a possible slip-up. He had to be very careful. Caught again, he couldn't expect to get out of jail for a good many years.

His chance came when the blizzard hit Westvale. For three days it snowed, and police and firemen, as well as the highway crews, were busy trying to keep the roads open. Secure in his cabin by the ice-locked river, Jenkins puffed on his pipe. Today the Chief of Police and his two men had gone over to a neighboring town, in response to a call for help.

There wasn't much traffic on the highways, either, and none on the river. Upriver, Jenkins learned earlier in the day, the ice was so thick that even the icebreaker couldn't get through. Even Old Tim, who took care of the drawbridge, had been told to go home. No one expected any river craft to go through the drawbridge for days.

"Yes," Jenkins reasoned, "tonight's the night!" He puffed stolidly on his pipe. It wouldn't hurt to have an alibi, either. Maybe he'd better get into town and help the road crews.

The volunteers were glad to see him. Jenkins was a hard worker and, when evening came and the foreman suggested he go home and get some rest, the handyman complied gladly. His alibi was complete. Nobody would question his saying he was asleep all night. They all knew how tired he was.

The foreman clapped him on the back as

Jenkins left, thanked him profusely. "Sure nice of you to help us out, Jenkins," he said. "We appreciate it. The worst is over, I guess, according to word from upriver. We're even getting medical supplies through to Benton."

Jenkins smiled. "Glad to help. See you tomorrow," he said. "I won't be working for the widow. She told me to stay home until the storm's over." He got into his small, but powerful car. He was very tired, but happy.

They all thought he was swell, helping like that. Well, let 'em think!

Back in his shack, he fixed some soup and steaming hot coffee. He wanted to be sure he stayed awake. He looked at the ancient clock. Seven o'clock. The widow would probably go to sleep, as usual, right after Fred Allen's program. So would Mrs. Manion.

Thus, at ten-fifteen, with his car lights out, Jenkins left his shack. There was no one on the bridge. Jenkins grinned. Old Tim was probably snoring away at home. At least this storm benefited everyone.

At ten forty-five Jenkins had jimmied open the storm window and the regular window on Mrs. Watson's house. He made no sound as he walked upstairs to her bedroom. At the housekeeper's door, he paused. A stentorian snore greeted his ears. There'd be no trouble from the Widow Watson.

But she was a light sleeper. Jenkins, you see, had no way of knowing that. Consequently, when in a tremulous voice she said, "Who's there?" and snapped on a bedlight, Jenkins acted fast. He yanked a pillow from the bed, pressed it savagely against the old lady's face. He was sure she hadn't seen him. In a moment she lay still.

Jenkins felt her heart. Still beating. "Probably fainted from fright," he told himself. He really didn't intend to kill her. Not unless she tried to keep him from getting the money.

The Widow Watson didn't. She remained in a faint, while Jenkins stole her hidden hoard. Her eyes were still closed as he tiptoed softly downstairs and out to his car. There, he gasped. Snow was falling again. A good omen! It

would obliterate any tracks his car would make.

He got in. Now, he was forced to put on his lights. Well as he knew the roads, he couldn't proceed in the dark against the blinding snow. It remained now for him to get back to his shack as quickly as possible.

He swung the car toward the river road. To his left, a deep-throated bellow sounded in his ears, but so great was Jenkins' excitement over the money he had on the seat alongside him that he failed to realize the sound's significance.

The car's wheels crunched along the snow at a rapid clip. The headlights knifed through the night. In another few minutes, Jenkins told himself, he'd be home. And safe with a lot of money.

Suddenly, he started. Just a few hundred feet ahead of the drawbridge a figure, heavily clothed, was waving a flashlight at him. The figure stood near a stalled car. Jenkins gritted his teeth. "The fool," he thought, "getting stalled and expecting help on a night like this." Well, he wouldn't help him, he thought wildly.

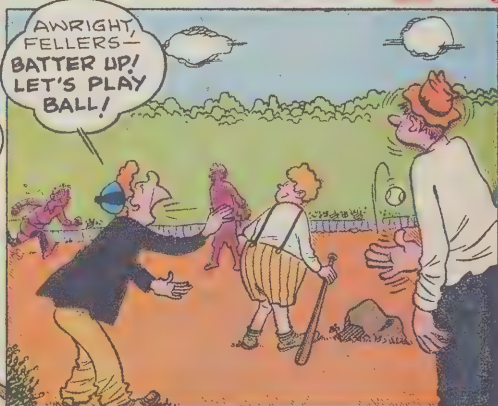
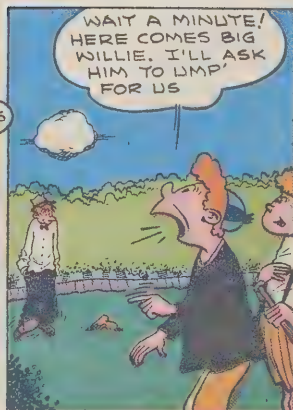
Quickly, he snapped off the lights of his car, gunned the engine. In another minute he'd be across the drawbridge, swallowed up in the storm. The unfortunate motorist would never be able to identify the car that flashed by. He could almost see the consternation on the motorist's face as the car went by. He smiled. Well, it was all over now. Another second and he'd be over the drawbridge.

Then he screamed as he felt himself falling . . . falling . . .

The icy waters closed over him. Over the car. Over the stolen money.

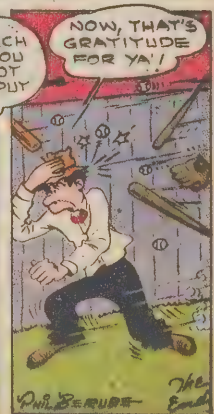
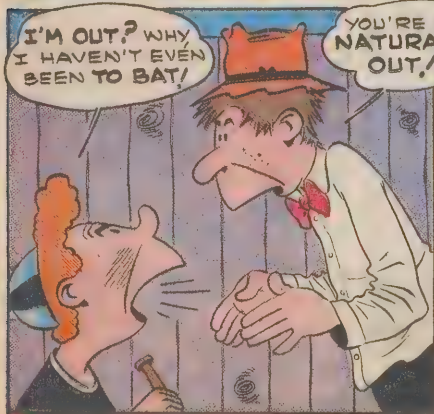
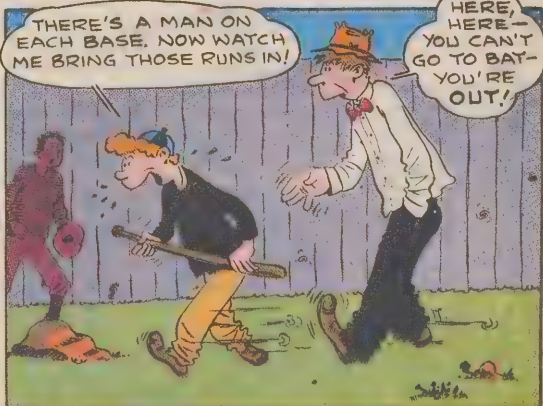
"I don't know who it is," Old Tim explained to the Chief of Police a half hour later. "But he wouldn't stop for my signal. I tried to tell him the drawbridge wasn't closed, that it froze open after we let the ice breaker through with medical supplies!"

The Chief of Police shivered. "Poor fellow," he said.





BATMAN





HURRY! HURRY!

START YOUR NEW SERIES OF COMIC BUTTONS

Get a Funny-Paper Character As A
GIFT In Every Package OF **KELLOGG'S PEP!**

18 NEW PIN-ON BUTTONS! They're terrific! An entirely new series of swell prizes! Color portraits of your favorites on real metal pin-on buttons! Fun to swap, collect, and pin on your jacket, sweater, and beanie!

BE THE ENVY OF YOUR GANG! Be the first to own a complete set of 18 buttons!

All you do is ask your Mom to get a package of super-delicious Kellogg's PEP. And there in the package is your prize comic button, attached to cardboard. They're printed in bright colors on a white enamel background. What a grand collection they make! Hurry, hurry! Get started on your collection!

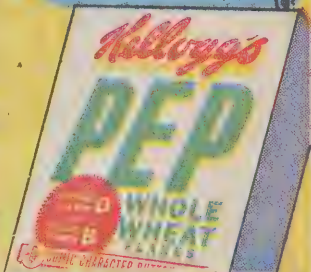
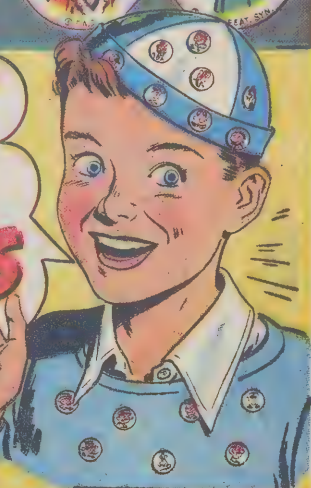
18 MORE OF YOUR FAVORITE COMIC CHARACTERS

DAGWOOD
BLONDIE
JIGGS
HANS

Fritz
MAGGIE
POPEYE
OLIVE OYL
LITTLE KING

POP JENKS
JUNIOR TRACY
ANDY GUMP
DON WINSLOW
UNCLE WILLIE

EMMY
LORD PLUSHBOTTOM
RIP WINKLE
SUPERMAN



LISTEN TO

SUPERMAN

Tune in every day, Monday through Friday, and follow the exciting adventures of Superman. See your local paper for time and station.

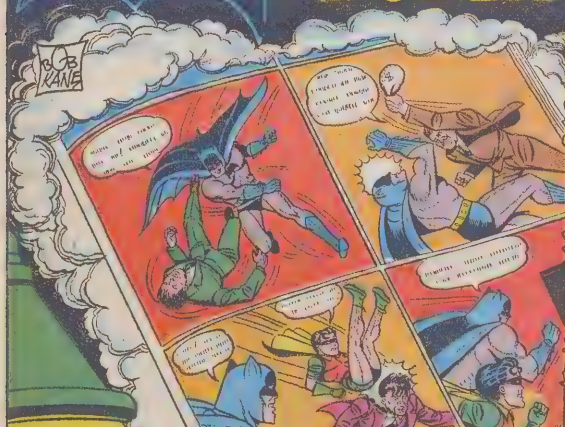


BATMAN



BATMAN

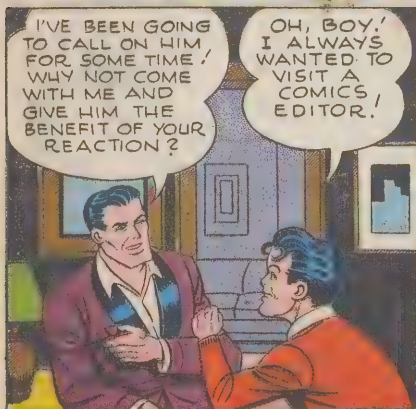
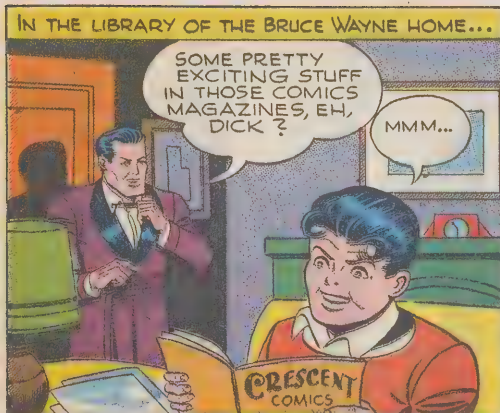
WITH
ROBIN

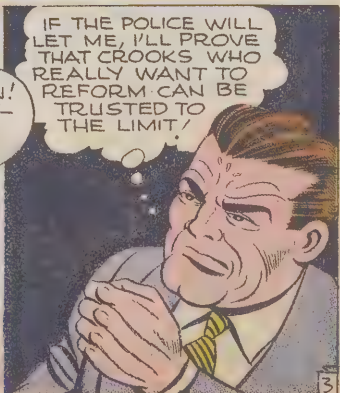
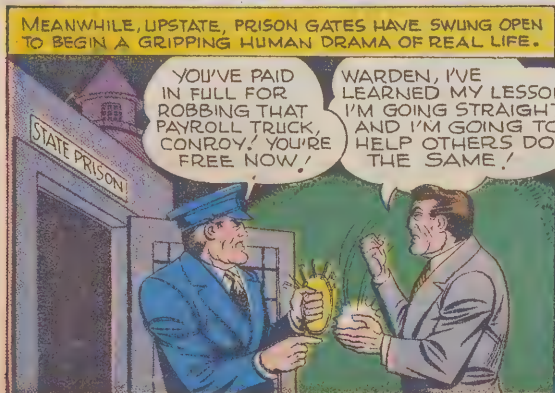
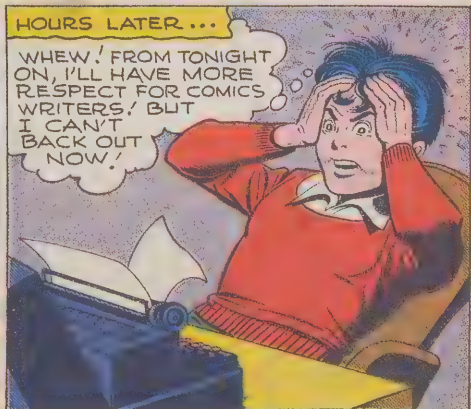
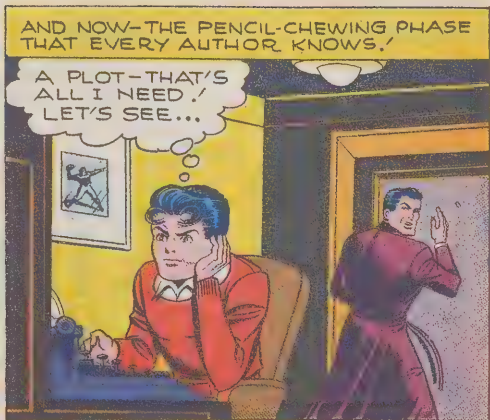


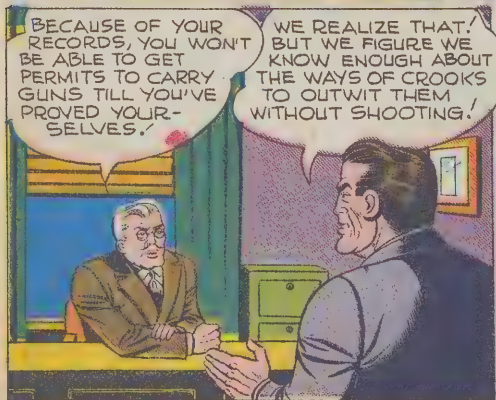
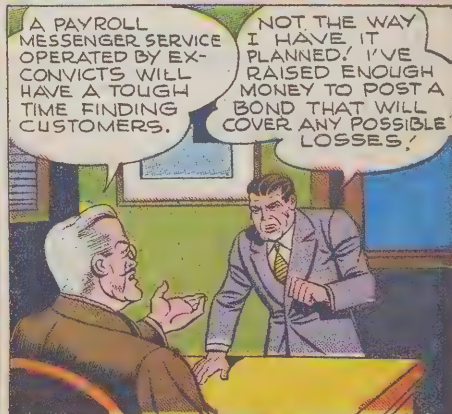
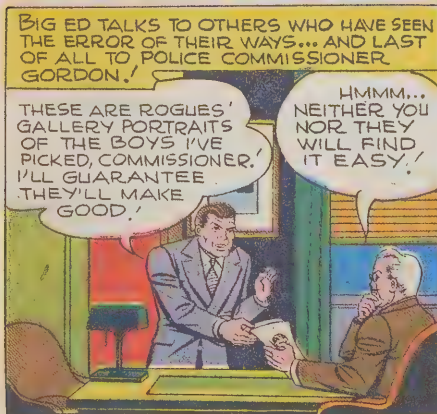
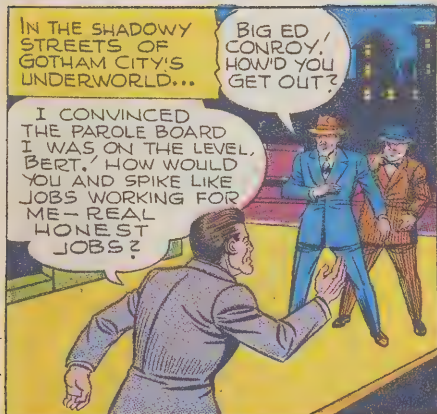
DID YOU EVER STOP TO WONDER EXACTLY WHAT MAKES A **BATMAN** STORY? NOT JUST THE IMAGINATIONS OF A WRITER, AN EDITOR AND AN ARTIST, AS YOU MIGHT THINK! HUMAN EXPERIENCE... INVESTIGATION AND RESEARCH... A BASIS OF REAL-LIFE DRAMA—THESE ARE SOME OF THE INGREDIENTS!.. AND WHEN BRUCE WAYNE'S YOUNG PARTNER GOES LITERARY, IT IS ONLY NATURAL THAT HE SHOULD FIND HIS MATERIAL IN THE ACTUAL BREATHTAKING ADVENTURES OF **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**. AS WITNESS THIS EXCITING TALE OF —

"Dick Grayson, AUTHOR!"







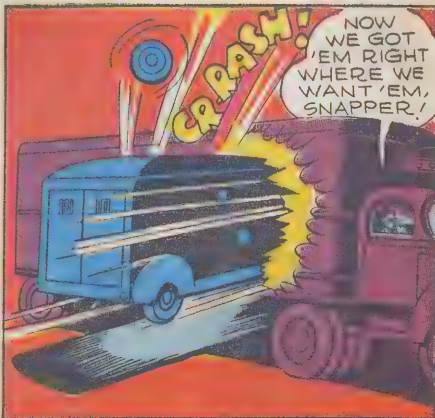




AND SO IS BORN THE SECURITY MESSENGER SERVICE. BUT ONE NIGHT...

WHERE DOES THAT GUY THINK HE'S GOIN'?

HE AIN'T GOIN' ANYWHERE FOR A WHILE! WE'RE GONNA CRASH!



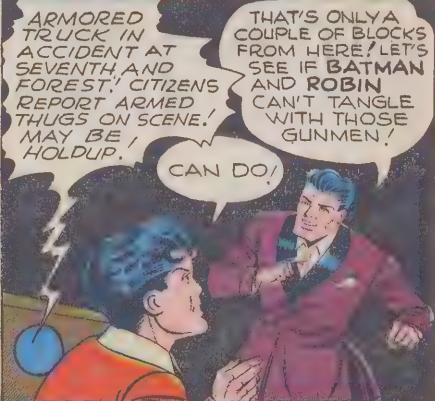
NOW WE GOT 'EM RIGHT WHERE WE WANT 'EM, SNAPPER!

AT APPROXIMATELY THE SAME MOMENT, IN THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME...

IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY! A WHOLE WEEK NOW, AND I HAVEN'T GOT THE GHOST OF AN IDEA FOR A STORY!

LISTEN! THE POLICE RADIO!

ALL MIDTOWN SCOUT CARS—ATTENTION!



ARMORED TRUCK IN ACCIDENT AT SEVENTH AND FOREST! CITIZENS REPORT ARMED THUGS ON SCENE! MAY BE! HOLDUP!

THAT'S ONLY A COUPLE OF BLOCKS FROM HERE! LET'S SEE IF BATMAN AND ROBIN CAN'T TANGLE WITH THOSE GUNMEN!

CAN DO!

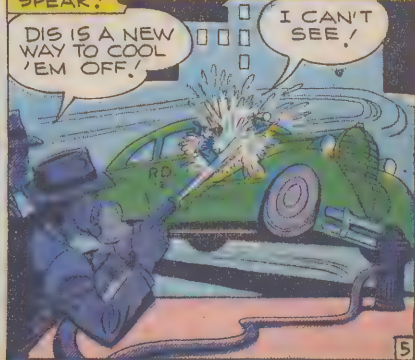
POLICE CARS STREAK TOWARD THE SCENE — BUT THIS ONE NEVER GETS THERE!

THEM COPPERS WON'T BOTHER NOBODY FOR AWHILE!

AND THIS ONE IS DROWNED OUT, SO TO SPEAK!

DIS IS A NEW WAY TO COOL 'EM OFF!

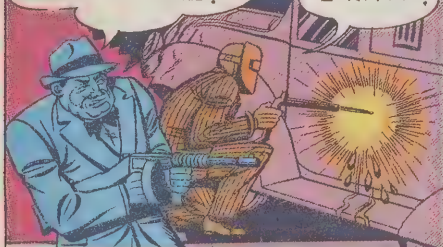
I CAN'T SEE!



WITHIN THE HUGE VAN, AN OXY-ACETYLENE TORCH CUTS THROUGH THE TRUCK'S ARMOR LIKE A KNIFE SLICING BUTTER!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE GUARDS IN THE TRUCK, SMOKEY! THE CRASH KNOCKED 'EM BOTH COLD!

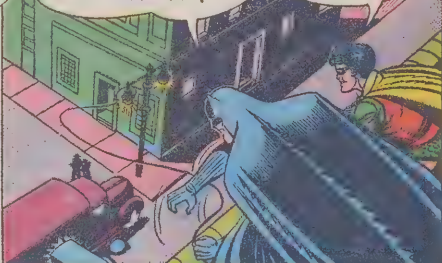
CHEE, DUKE, DIS IS AS SOFT A WAY O' GRABBIN' 100 GRAND AS I KNOW!



BUT, HIGH OVER THE STREET, TWO SHADOWY FIGURES PREPARE TO DISPUTE THE ISSUE!

SOMEHOW THEY'VE MANAGED TO KEEP THE POLICE AWAY, **ROBIN**— SO THIS IS APT TO BE A TOUGH JOB!

IT COULDN'T BE TOUGHER THAN WRITING A STORY!



A SPINE-TINGLING SWOOP!

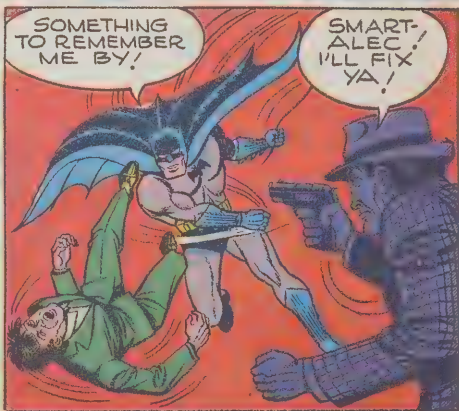
YIIII!
DE BATMAN!

RIGHT THE FIRST TIME!



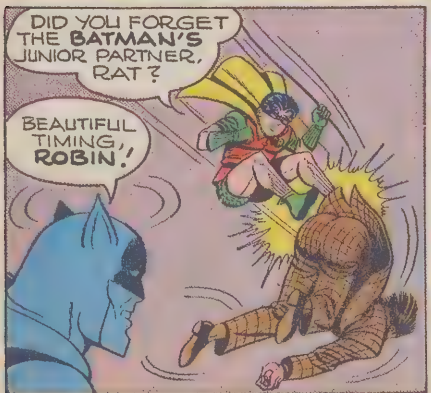
SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY!

SMART-ALEC! I'LL FIX YA!



DID YOU FORGET THE **BATMAN'S** JUNIOR PARTNER, RAT?

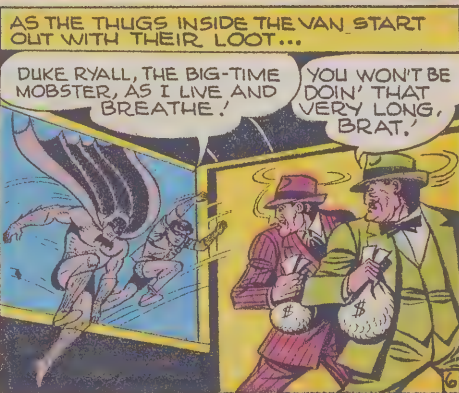
BEAUTIFUL TIMING, **ROBIN!**

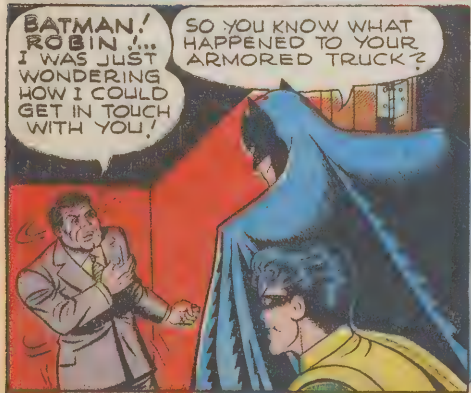
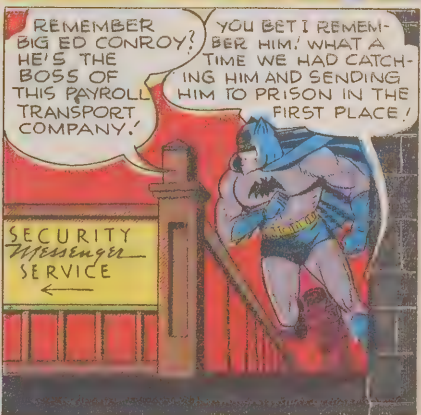


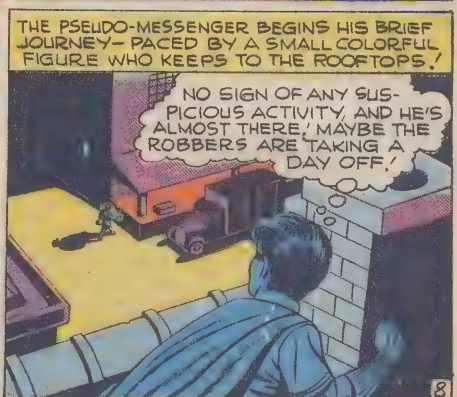
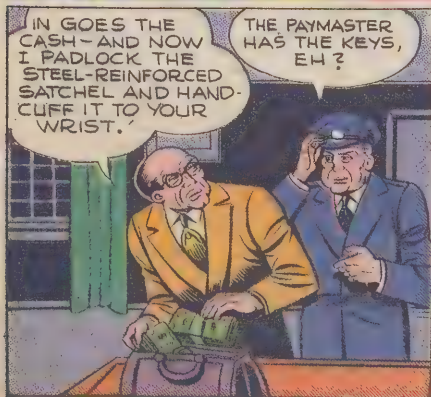
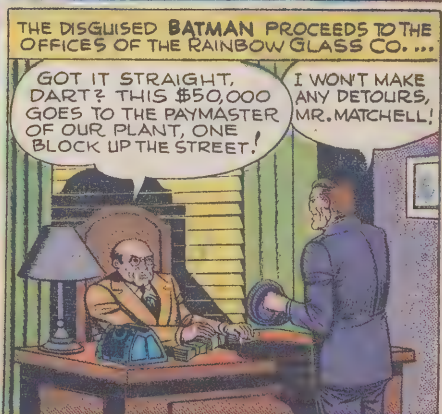
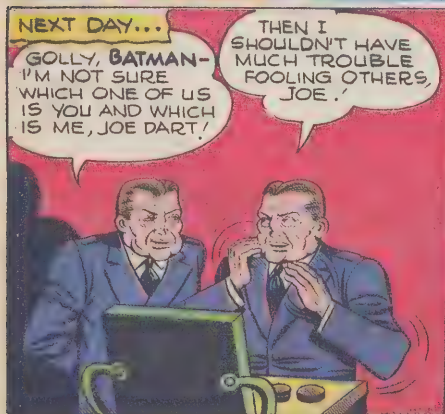
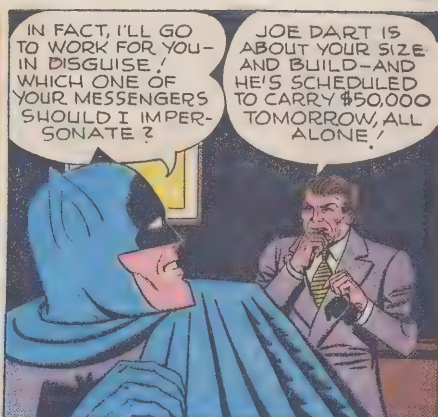
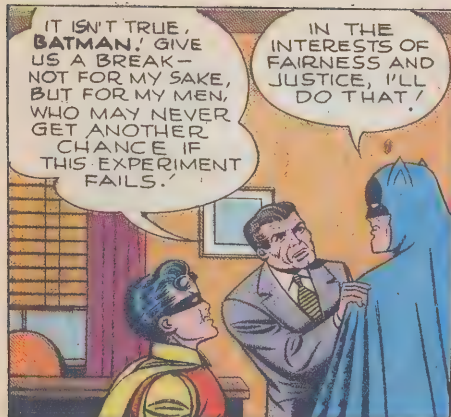
AS THE THUGS INSIDE THE VAN START OUT WITH THEIR LOOT...

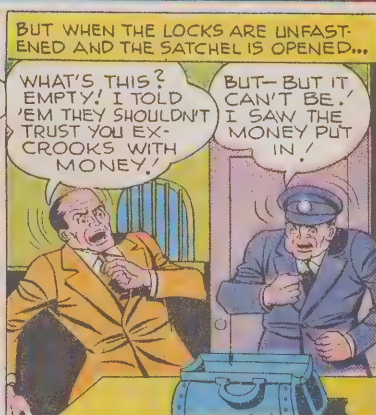
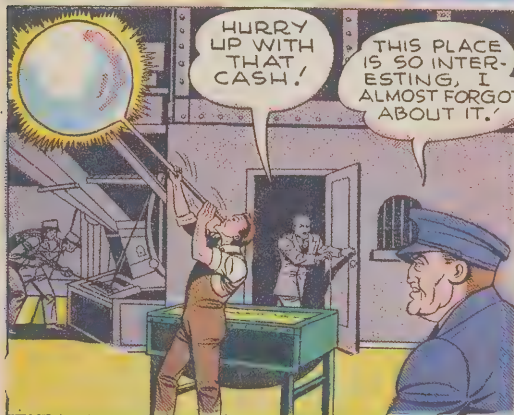
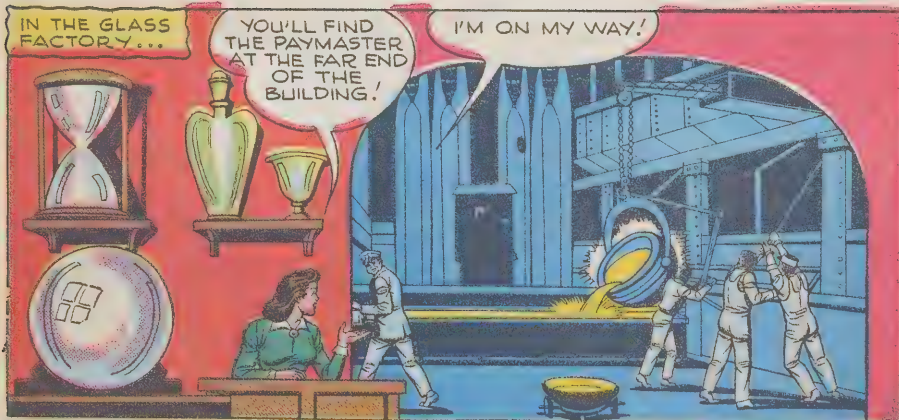
DUKE RYALL, THE BIG-TIME MOBSTER, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE!

YOU WON'T BE DOIN' THAT VERY LONG, BRAT!



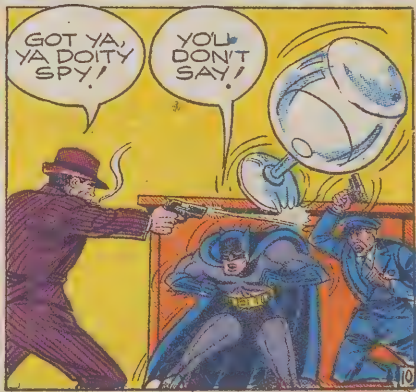
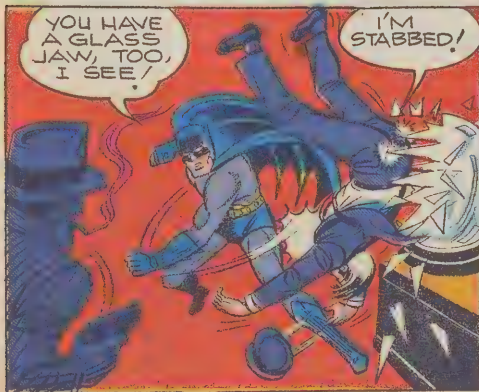
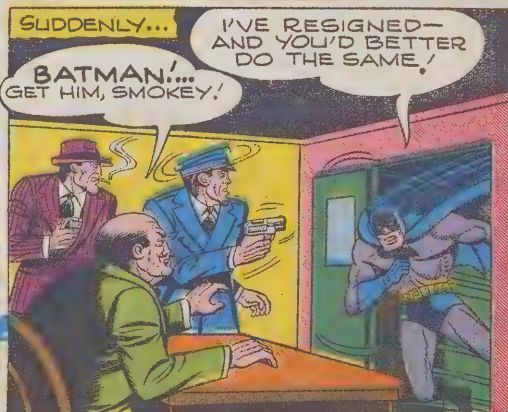
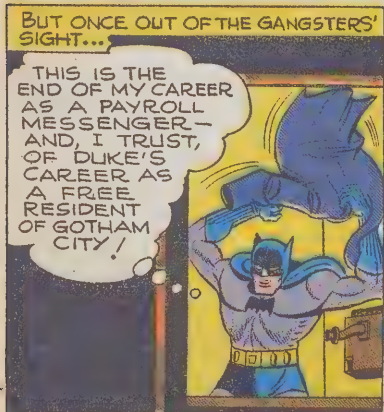
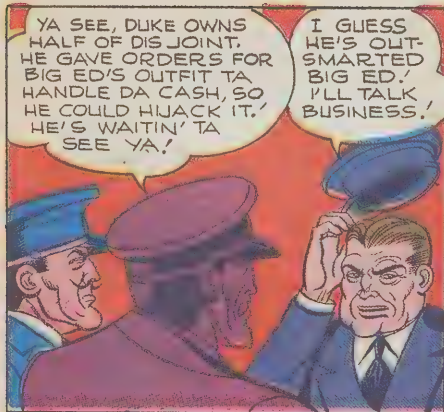






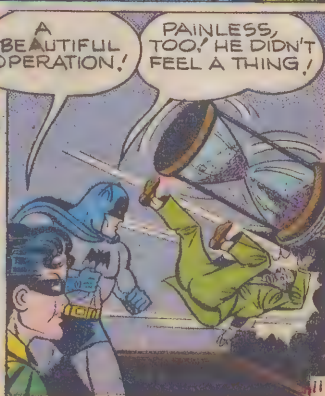
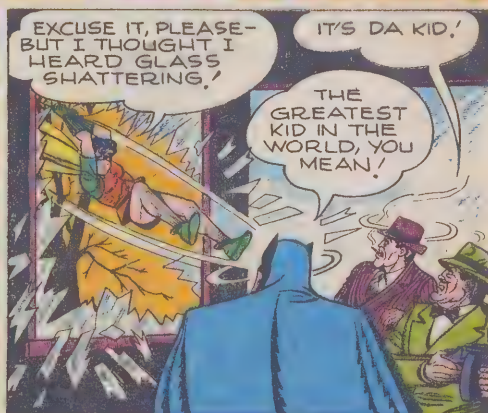
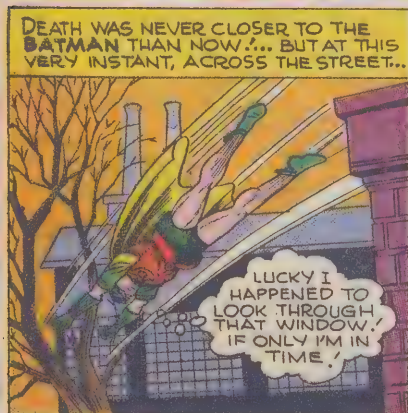
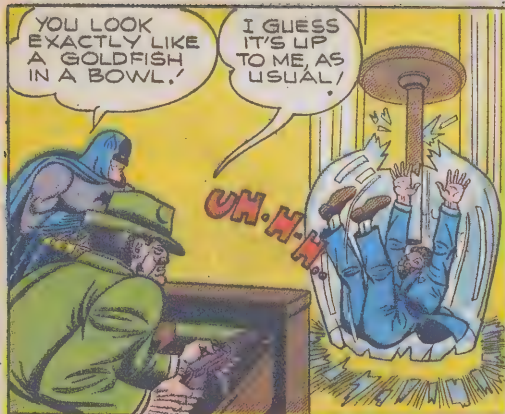


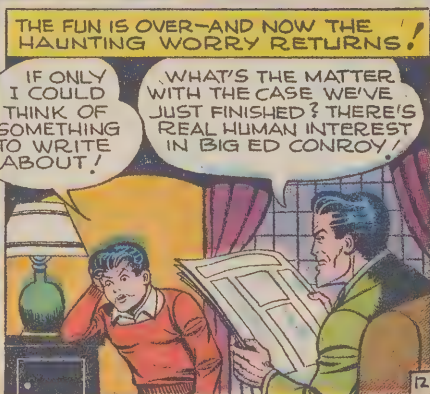
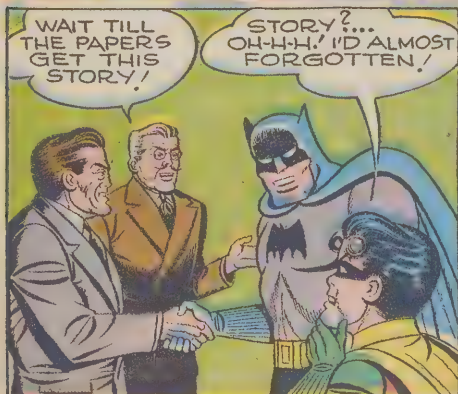
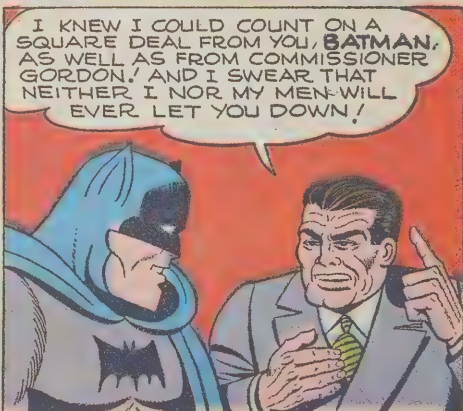
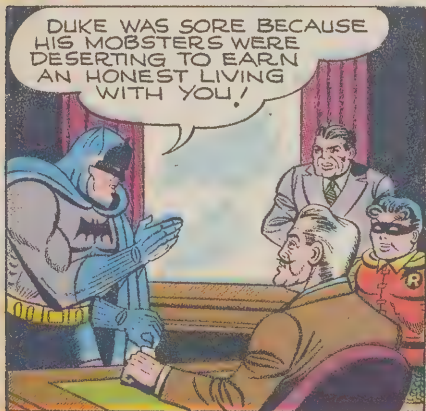
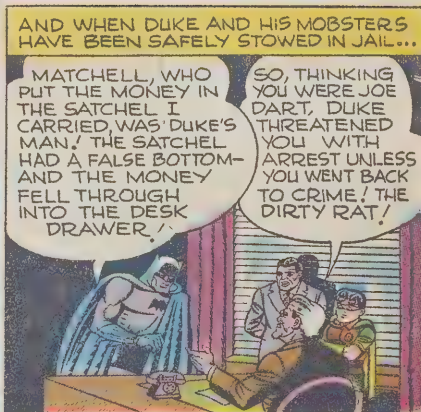
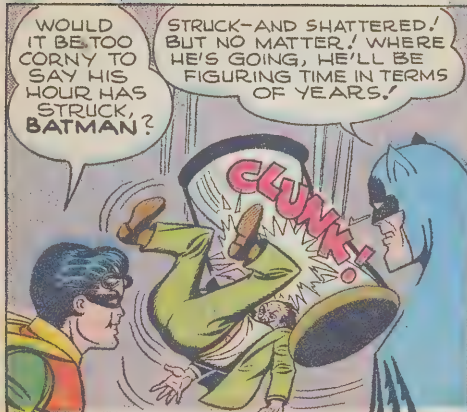
BATMAN

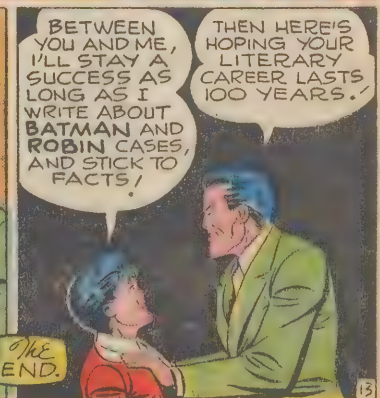
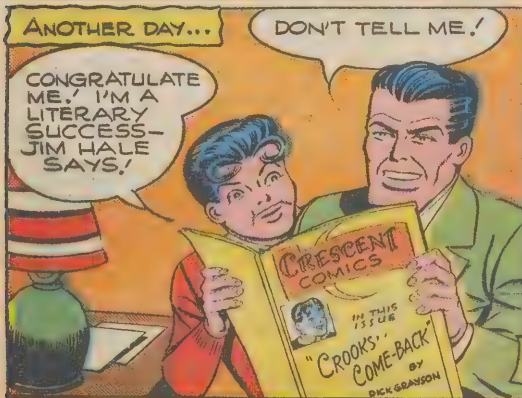
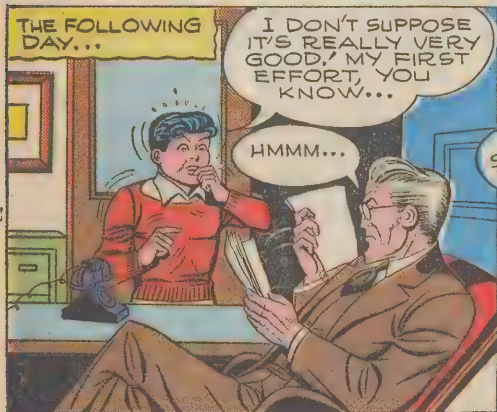
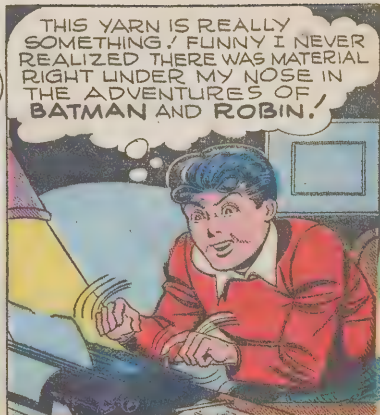
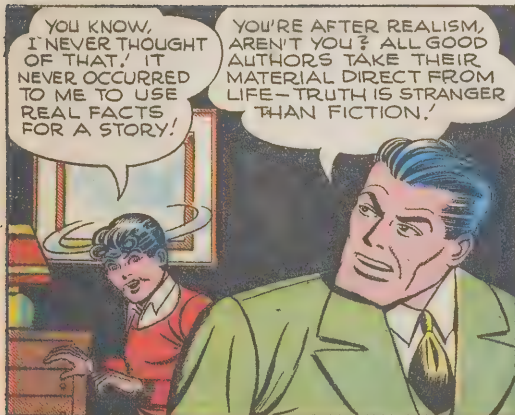




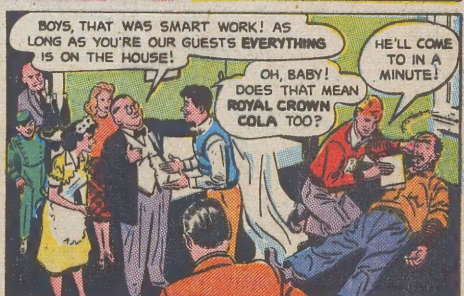
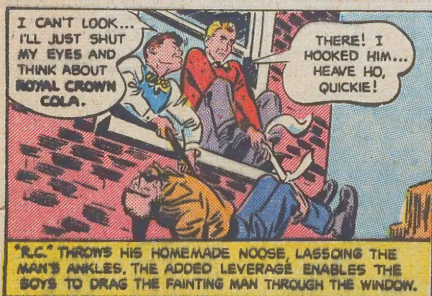
BATMAN







ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE



COWBOY STAR SUNSET CARSON SAYS:

YES-SIRREE! IT SURE TASTES BEST!

Sunset Carson, popular cowboy star, tried leading colas in paper cups and picked one best tasting. It was Royal Crown Cola! Try it yourself. Say, "R.C. for me." That's the quick way to get a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test.

See Sunset Carson in
"BAMBITS OF THE BARLANDS"
A Republic Picture

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by taste-test

How THOM McAN

WITH HIS MAGIC

SAVED
THE

SUNKEN SUB

"BAZOOKA-SHOES"

ENGINE TROUBLE HAS STRANDED
THE SUBMARINE "NEPTUNE" AT
THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN!



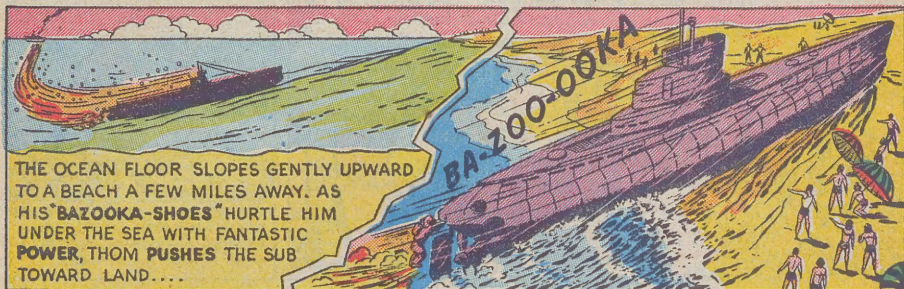
ONLY ENOUGH OXYGEN FOR
A FEW MORE HOURS, MEN....
THEN...IT'S....**CURTAINS!**

ABOVE THE SURFACE

WE'VE LOCATED
THE SUB ALL RIGHT,
CAPTAIN-- BUT IT
WOULD TAKE **DAYS**
TO HAUL HER UP!



WOW! QUICK, H, PUMP THE STRONGEST
"SUPER POWER COMPOUND" INTO MY
"BAZOOKA-SHOES" WHILE I CLIMB
INTO THIS DIVER'S SUIT. I'VE GOT
TO SAVE THAT SUB!



THE OCEAN FLOOR SLOPES GENTLY UPWARD
TO A BEACH A FEW MILES AWAY. AS
HIS "BAZOOKA-SHOES" HURTLE HIM
UNDER THE SEA WITH FANTASTIC
POWER, THOM PUSHES THE SUB
TOWARD LAND....

...AND THEN THE WHOLE
CREW PILED OUT, SAFE AND
SOUND, AND CARRIED ME
ON THEIR SHOULDERS.



GOSH! THAT MUST HAVE
BEEN AS EXCITING AS A
NEW PAIR OF **THOM
McAN SHOES**

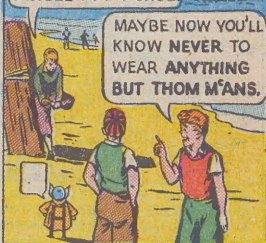
COME ON, I'LL GET THE
CAPTAIN TO SHOW US
THRU THE SUB.



WHEW!

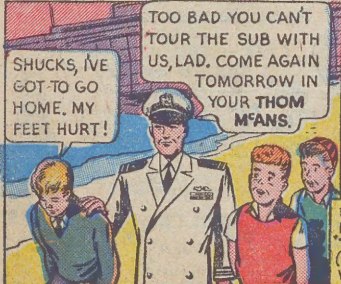
WALKING THRU
THIS SOFT SAND IN
MY OLD SHOES TIRES
MY FEET. I WISH I'D
WORN MY **THOM
McANS.**

WAIT, NOW I'VE GOT
A HOLE IN MY SHOE.



MAYBE NOW YOU'LL
KNOW **NEVER** TO
WEAR **ANYTHING**
BUT **THOM McANS.**

SHUCKS, I'VE
GOT TO GO
HOME. MY
FEET HURT!



TOO BAD YOU CAN'T
TOUR THE SUB WITH
US, LAD. COME AGAIN
TOMORROW IN
YOUR **THOM
McANS.**

GEE, THAT WAS GREAT
FUN GOING THROUGH
THE SUBMARINE!



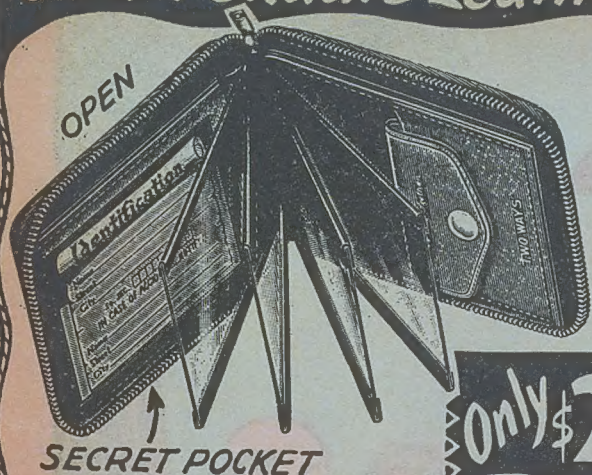
KEEP UP WITH ME, BILLY, AND WE'LL
HAVE FUN **EVERY DAY.** AND THE WAY
TO KEEP UP IS **ALWAYS** TO WEAR THE
SHOES THAT **NEVER** LET YOU DOWN...
THOM McANS!

WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK?
BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN
"THOM McAN" - ALWAYS SILENT!
(THE "H" IS SILENT BUT THE
VALUE SHOUTS OUT LOUD!)

Thom McAn

OVER 500 STORES -- IN OVER 300 CITIES

Smart Saddle Leather ZIPPER Billfold!



Only \$2.98

Men, Here's The Most Beautiful Billfold You've Ever Seen at this Low Price.

You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Zip-All-Around" De Luxe Pass Case Billfold with its Built-In Change Purse, its roomy Currency Compartment, its Secret Pocket for extra valuables. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him. Exterior is of smart Saddle Leather designed in picturesque style of the West. Two-tone illustrations are stamped by hand right into the leather itself. A Billfold of unusual beauty with many unusual and serviceable features. An outstanding value at only \$2.98 plus tax. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. If not thrilled and delighted return in 10 days for full refund.



Send No Money RUSH THIS COUPON

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 9129-B
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

☐ Please rush me "Smart Saddle Leather Zipper Pass Case Billfold" with Built-In Change Purse. On arrival I will pay postman only \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. It is understood that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted in every way I can return the billfold within 10 days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME..... (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Excise tax (total \$3.58).

Please ship my Billfold order all postage charges prepaid.

BOYS!
MEN!

PLASTIC COMPASS \$1.98



FOR BOY SCOUTS



FOR CAMPING



FOR HUNTING

New UNBREAKABLE, Wrist Watch Type Liquid Compass With Luminous Dial

Here's the compass all America has been waiting for. It's similar in construction to the liquid type Airplane and pocket compass used by the U. S. Air Corps. What a compass this is! It's shock-proof! Water-proof! Precision perfect! Made to give superior performance under any and all climatic conditions. Will not freeze at even 40° below zero. Works perfectly under a blazing sun. The ideal compass for everyone—Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, hikers, campers, motorists, and all sports lovers. This newest, wrist watch style, luminous, Plastic Compass, sealed air-tight in liquid, is ready to accurately direct your movements all hours of the day or night. Unfailing and unbreakable. Think of it! You can own this remarkable compass for the sensationally low price of only \$1.98, complete with smartly styled wristband.

EXAMINE
FOR 10 DAYS
AT OUR RISK

Take this Plastic Compass with you when you go on hikes, on camping or fishing trips, on hunting or boating excursions, bicycling, or horseback riding. You'll find there's nothing as important and useful to you as a good compass when you need it. At this low price, every man and boy should have this remarkable

Compass. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just rush your order on the coupon below. Upon arrival, pay postman only \$1.98 C. O. D. plus few cents postage charge on our no-risk money-back-guarantee. If not thrilled and delighted with the way it looks and performs, return the compass within 10 days and we'll refund your money in full.



Here Are
the Features
Which Make This
"America's Greatest
Compass Buy"

- Latest Type Plastic Case
- Luminous "See in the Dark" Dial
- Shatterproof, Shock-proof, Water-proof Construction
- Shows Degrees in all Directions
- Airplane-Type "Sealed in Liquid" Unbreakable Compass
- Withstands heat—will not freeze
- Newest Wrist Watch-Style Design

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 248-B
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush me the Wrist Watch-Type PLASTIC COMPASS as described above on your no-risk 10 day Money Back Guarantee Offer. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage on arrival with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

☐ I enclose \$1.98 in advance with my order. Send the Plastic Compass to me all postage charges prepaid.

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh *Dated* Eveready Batteries

For a time, you had to take whatever flashlight batteries you could get! But that time has passed. "Eveready" Flashlight Batteries are back. Ask for them at your dealer's.

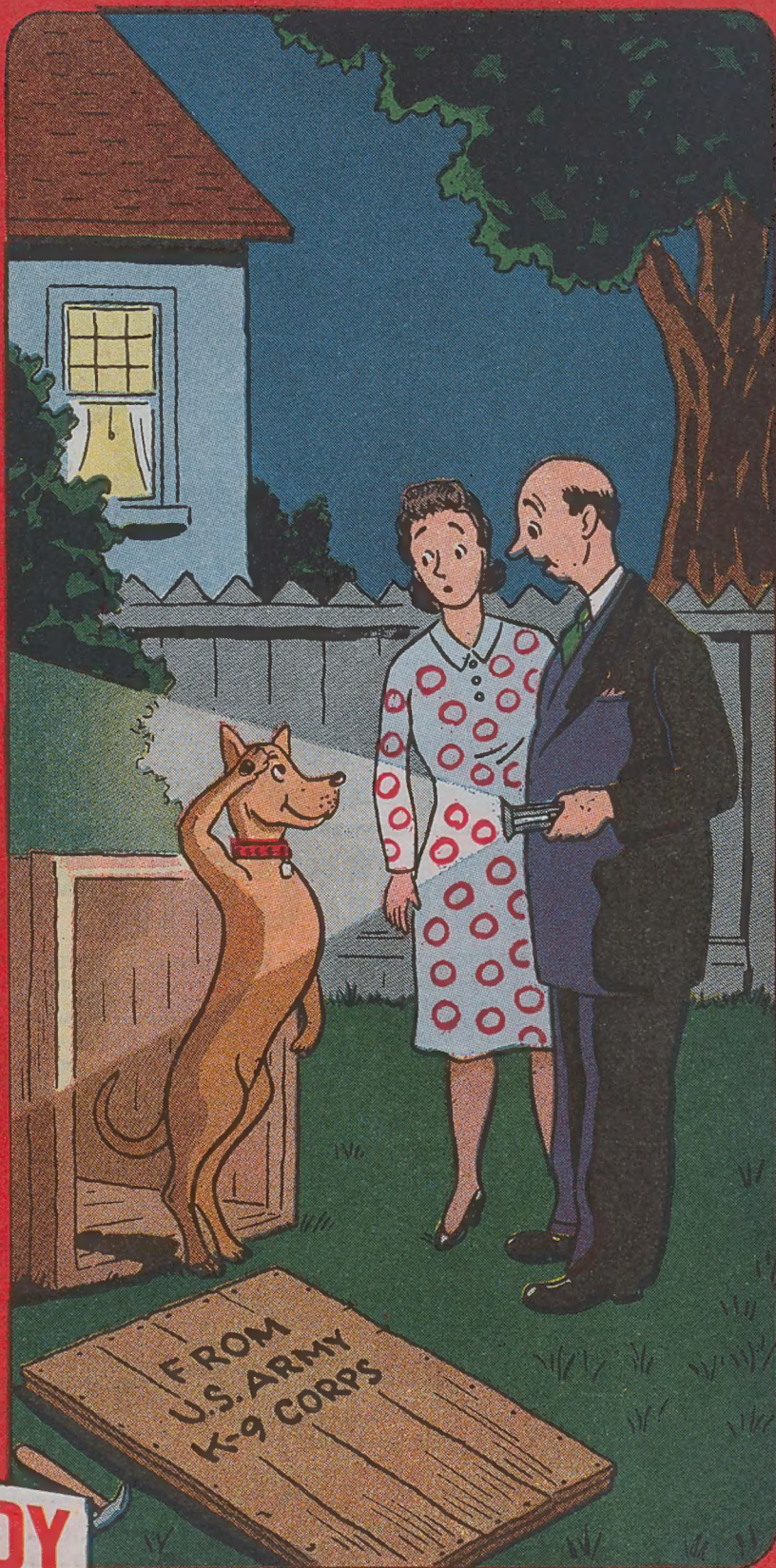
That's good news indeed. Flashlight batteries may look alike on the outside, but that similarity is only skin-deep. There are important differences inside every "Eveready" Battery — differences that mean longer life!

Fresh
DATED BATTERIES
Last Longer
Look for the date line



EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK



"I'm afraid he isn't quite reconverted yet!"

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